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ROMULUS
AND
HERSILIA;
OR, THE
SABINE WAR.

A TRAGEDY

Acted at the Dukes THEATRE.

Militat omnis Amans, & habet sua Castra Cupido.
Ovid.

L O N D O N,

Printed for D. Brown, at the Black-Swan and Bible
without Temple-Bar, and T. Benskin in St. Brides
Church-yard, Fleet-street, 1683.

ROMULUS

AND

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SABINE WAR

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Ased at the Duke's Theatre.

Printed and Sold by J. D. B. at the Duke's Theatre.
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Church-yard, Fleet-street, 1883

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Butler.

HOW we shall please ye now I cannot say ;
But Sirs, 'Faith here is News from Rome to day ;
Yet know withal, we've no such Packets here,
As you read once a Week from Monkey Care.
But 'stead of that Lewd Stuff (that clogs the Nation)
Plain Love and Honour ; (tho quite out of fashion ;)
Ours is a Virgin Rome, long, long, before
Pious Geneva Rhetorick call'd her Whore ;
For be it known to their Eternal Shames,
Those Saints were always good at calling Names :
Of Scarlet Whores let 'em their Wills devise,
But let 'em raise no other Scarlet lies ;
Lies that advance the Good Old Cause, and bring
Into Contempt the Prelate with the KING .
Of what will such vile Brutes be now affraid,
When Rats and Weazles gnaw the Lyon's Beard ?
And then in Ignoramus Holes they think,
Like other Vermin, to lie close, and stink.
What have ye got, ye Conscientious Knaves,
With all your Fancy'd Power, and Bully Braves ?
With all your standing to't ; your Zealous Furies ;
Your Lawless Tongues, and Arbitrary Juries ?
Your Burlesque Oaths, when one Green-Ribbon-Brother,
In Conscience will be Perjur'd for another ?
Your Plots, Cabals ; Your Threats, Association,
Ye shame, Ye very Nuisance of the Nation,
What have ye got but one poor Word ? Such Fools
Were Knaves before ; to which you've added Fools.
Now I dare swear, some of you Whigsters say,
Come on, now for a swinging Tory Play
But , Noble Whigs, pray let not those Fears start ye,
Nor fright hence any of the Sham Sheriffs Party ;
For, if you'l take my censure of the story,
It is as harmless as e're came before ye,
And writ before the times of Whig and Tory.

Persons

The PERSONS.

Romulus, King of *Rome*.

Hostilius, A Noble *Roman* his Friend.

Spurius Tarpeius, 'Commander of a Fort in *Rome*.

Tatius, General of the *Sabines*.

Curtius, A Commander of Note in the *Sabine* Army.

W O M E N.

Herfilia, Daughter of *Tatius*, and Wife to *Romulus*,

Feliciania, Her Sister, young and Innocent,

Tarpeia, Daughter of *Tarpeius*.

Portia,

Cloe,

Cornelia,

3
3

Sabine Ladies attending *Herfilia*.

Souldiers, and *Attendants*.

The Scene *Rome*.

Romulus & Herfilia, OR THE Sabine War.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Romulus, Herfilia, Hostilius, and Attendance.

Rom. **W**H Y weeps *Herfilia*? What malicious sorrow envies the world the luster of those eyes, and draws a Cloud o're beauties richest treasure? Has love appear'd injurious? Do you repent the blessings you have given your *Romulus*? And do I seem to you too, the hated Ravisher your severe Father makes me?

Herf. Pardon my dearest Lord, pardon these tears, tis the soft flame of love, here at my heart, makes these warm drops distil. It is for you! Had I less value for my *Romulus*, I had not known these sorrows. Witness you Heavens! I wish I had a voice might reach the ear of every *Roman*, every *Sabine*, nay through all *Italy*, while thus I vindicate my *Romulus* from any force on, me, but that of love. You Gods! was this a Rape! no it was all consent; and all mutual design. But what is love? what's Truth? what's Justice? when my Flint-hearted Father calls it a Rape, and vows revenge?

Rom. And is this all, my Love, are these the fears that cause the precious shower? If this be all, stay those dear streams, whose every drop's a pearl of value to redeem a Captive King. I Honour

B

Tatius

Romulus, or the

Tatius as *Herfilia's* Father; but if he brings us War, and as a Foe approaches *Rome*, swelling with empty threats, I'll tell him, in the language of my Father *Mars*, I slight his anger, smile at his Revenge.

Herf. But I must be unhappy; whoever wins, you must lose insufficiently: Whether my Father or my Husband bleeds, still I am wounded, good Heavens! why have you made the sweets of love ever to be allay'd with so much bitterness?

Rom. You kill me with your tears: My love, my love, would you have me weep too? Forbear, or I shall lose my Manhood, while all that's *Roman* in me melts away to see you thus desolved in sorrows; what would you have me do? Sweetest of all thy Sex, at your Command I'll fall at *Tatius* feet, and bid him cut my head off, because I love his Daughter more than ten thousand lives.

Herf. Forbid it all you Gods; no, live my Lord, live to defend *Herfilia*, your *Herfilia*, from a cruel Father, who would not let her live, that is, not love her *Romulus*: Live to defend that *Romulus*, *Herfilia's* better self, from an unjust invader: Methinks I feel inspired a courage truly brave and truly *Roman*; let the malicious world assault me with all its fury, while I am thus inthron'd in your dear Arms, I am secure of Fortune.

Rom. Ay! now I'm blest; now, now I Reign indeed, now at this omen, I see my Infant *Rome* lift her aspiring head above the Nations, while all the Ocean and the remotest Isles dance at her smiles, and tremble at her frowns. O thou brighter *Venus*, thou more Majestick *Juno*, can you say this to me and not transfer at the same time the whole worlds Empire hither? *Hosfilius*! Friend! why are you silent? speak my best Friend, am I not truly great, can there be greater?

Hof. (*aside*) Oh tormenting Question! How shall I answer this and not discover a base unfriendly envy? Away degenerate Passion, I'll tear thee from my long abused heart, or tear that heart out.

Rom. What means this silence? Does ill fate appear, in all its various forms of sorrow to me? Here drown'd in tears, and there in silent groans. She cannot sure keep long from me, since she has made so near approaches. You two divide my Soul: The best of Women, and the worthiest Friend; and do you strive whose grief shall most afflict me?

Hof. Forgive me, Sir, or rather pitty me, tis I am only wretched amidst this common Joy, oppress'd with an ill timed and causeless
Melancholly

Sabine War.

Melancholly. 'Tis a disease I know; let it not be infectious, why should you be concern'd to hear me sigh. Are not you blest in your *Herfilius* love; you are an Emperour, a God in that, and you deserve it, which of all the immortal beings would not change Heavens with *Romulus*? Would you contemplate the Celestial Glories? You have 'em here. Would you see brighter Stars than those above? behold 'em in these eyes. Would you have Musick far beyond that of the higher Orbs? *Herfilius* voice shall give it. Would you be immortal and taste Ambrosia? You have it in these Lips. The dyet of the Gods is pall'd and course to that, But I'm a Devil, damn'd to despair and silence. [*Aside.*

Rom. Can I be happy, and *Hostilius* wear a Mourning look? My Joys should be all yours, or mine your sorrows, if I'm thus highly blest, (and sure I am) partake of all my Fortune. Command, Rule, Reign, over my *Rome* and me. Have I a City, Subjects, Crown, and my Friend not the same? Is not *Hostilius Romulus*, and *Romulus Hostilius*? Take and enjoy then all that makes me happy, but leave your mournful silence.

Host. (*Aside*) Oh Royal bounty! oh unheedful kindness, he knows not what he says, nor I to answer to this invidious Friendship.

Enter Felician.

Feli. Oh Sister, O dear *Herfilius*, what will become of us?

Herf. Why Sister, what surprizing fright has caus'd this Question?

Feli. The City's all alarm'd: While from the Tarrace yonder, I saw the distant-hills towards the west-gate covered with Armed *Sabines* drawing this way: I hear they come to have us back, alive or dead; are these the effects of your Heroick Passions! indeed *Herfilius*, tho I respect you dearly, you had not had my Company, if I had thought I should have dyed for Love.

Rom. Innocently pretty! fear not, *Felician*, these are but shews of terrour, there's nothings real in 'em. Come *Hostilius*, let us go view the Enemy, and give such orders as may secure the Ladies fears, and make the *Sabines* know, *Romans* and Lovers are not to be Conquered.

[*Exeunt Rom. Host.*

Romulus, or the

Feli. Sister, how great a change do we find here from the still life we 'mongst the *Sabines* led, while at our Fathers *Silvan* Palace, there, frighter from love, and seldome seen of Men, we spent so many dayes in the adjoining Groves, that all the wild Inhabitants knew us as part of them, the Thorsle, Nightingale, and little Redbreast, with all the other pretty feather'd Quire, at our approach wou'd flock about, and fill the Air with a compleat and chearful consort: The speckled Dear woud fearless bring their Fawns, and seek their food from me.

Herf. True *Felician*a, those were our softer hours. Thoughtless in that calm state we past the year, And knew not what it was to love or fear.

But now I have learnt both; since the brave *Romulus* first met me in those shades: (Ah fatal hour, yet hour I still must love) we often met, and full of angry tears at the approaching night as often parted. You know *Felician*a, how we despairing ever to procure the severe *Tatius* to approve our love, the generous Youth of *Rome*, by my consent, forc'd us, and all our Train of *Sabine* Ladies, from the great feast and Sacred Rights of *Consus*.

Feli. I know too much: Woud I had never known more then the harmless joyes of our own dwelling. Widdow'd for loss of me; how will the Turtles grieve, which I so often fed, and kist in feeding? Were they now here, methinks, I could instruct 'em to sigh, and Coo, and mourn, with better Emphasis, then their own feather'd Parents in a Grove of Cypress. [Weeps.]

Herf. Alas my pretty Sister, weep not however. If the sweet toiles of Lovers are uneasie to you, you may return. Command a Chariot and a Convoy when you please; why shoud I force my Sister to pertake my troubles.

Feli. Sure *Herfili*a cannot have so mean a thought of me, to think I'll leave her, no I'll die here: Yet wear you not my Sister, I could not go from *Rome*. I know not what it is, but something here, about my heart, afflicts me, and often pants, and heaves, and almost stops my breath; and will not suffer me so much as wish to be again amongst the *Sabines* and my once loved pleasure: Of late I alwayes weep and sigh when private, yet know not why: I seek to be alone, hate Company, yet know not well the cause of this uneasie humour.

Herf. Why these are all the innocent signs of stifled Love.

Feli. (*sighing*) Indeed it may be so: Had it been any thing but that, I might perhaps have known the cause, and sought a cure; but
love's

Sabine War.

love's so great a stranger, I can't : So much as guests at his proceedings.

Her. How long have you been thus ?

Fel. E're since the willing force that brought us hither. I need not tell you (for you well remember) how at those publick Shews where we weretaken, Prisoners of Love, when at the signal given Your *Romulus* seiz'd you, and every Roman youth, that Lady whom his choice or chance presented: *Hostilius*, for my quality no doubt, as being your Sister, not for my person, made me his care, and entertained me then with so much gallantry, and such obliging kindness, that I have never since had any ease but when I see him, yet I had rather die than he should know it.

Herf. Fear not dying my *Felciana*, I know *Hostilius*, by his silent sighs, melts with loves kindly flames as much as you.

Fel. That; that's my torment--- : for silly as I am, I see he loves, but see withal, I'm not the Object. Since that dear time of our first encounter, he never treated me with one kind word ; But where-soever I'm present, he looks another way, and sighs, and never speaks to me.

Herf. Pretty *Felician*a weep no more ; but trust your Cares to me, I will find out a Cure, for this sweet innocent Passion. Mean time, let's seek my *Romulus* : I have not patience to endure his absence : I know his friend is with him too : Come Sister, you shall see *Hostilius*.

Fel. O hold, I dare not Sister : Since I have told you all my weakness for *Hostilius*, I am ashamed to let you see me see him.

Herf. Away you foolish Innocent, remove
Such idle scruples, or ne're thrive in Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. I. SCENE II.

Enter Romulus, Hostilius, Spurius Tarpeius.

Rom. **T**HE Western Gate that fronts the Enemy, with the adjoining Fort, *Tarpeius*, I commit to your experienc'd Loyalty and Conduct.

Sp. Tar. It is an honour Sir, which when I give you cause to wish undone, take off my head.

Rom. Hostilius, to you belongs all the Command I have my self in my own City.

Hostil. Why shoud you be so prodigal of favours ! Why shoud you lavish thus, my best of friends, what Heaven and your own merits have conspired to make you only worthy of ! On me, on me too : One that can taste no happiness, one whose dull sense has lost all relish of a blessing, one born to be a wretch, a curst unhappy wretch !

Rom. This is extravagancy, sure friend you are not well.

Hostil. My tongue too much betrays me, woud I could spit it out — I must confess, great Sir, my mind of late is much distempered : Which often makes my language out of order. It is a causeless transient Cloud, I know, and soon will over. I beg you take no notice of it. I am too sensible of my own imperfection, and am ashamed to have it known to others.

Rom. 'Tis reason nobly urged, I'm silent — but see *Hersilia*. —

Enter Hersilia, Felician, Tarpeia, &c.

Rom. Be safe my Love as your own wish can fancy : Nor let the pretty *Felician* fear, since *Rome* is now so guarded, that the *Sabines* may as well hope to storm the Cloud as prevail here : No arms but those of friendship can pass these Walls.

Her. I think, my Lord your cause will raise an Army even of Women. *Tarpeia* talks so bravely here, and in such Martial Language, that were we all like her we alone were sufficient, not only to defend our selves, but to subdue all the adjacent Enemies of *Rome*.

Rom. Your Conquest, sweet *Hersilia*, have been already greater : And for the fair *Tarpeia* since she appears so brave, she too shall have a share in our Command — *Tarpeius*, let your Daughter act as Lieutenant in your absence : This is the Ladies War, and why should then that Sex be bar'd to share the honours of it ?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Sabinus Curtius Sir, sent from the Enemy, attends without.

Rom. Admit him.

Fel. Now Sister should this War, scarce yet begun, end in a treaty ?

Hers. As I'm a *Sabine* by my Birth, I wish a Peace with honour, but I am more a *Roman* by my inclination than to desire it basely.

Enter

Enter Curtius,

Cur. *Tatius* the just, to the great *Romulus*, hath sent these terms of Peace —

Host. He speaks as if we were already Conquered!

Rom. Suffer him, good *Hostilius*. — Go on Sir.

Cur. He says the *Sabines* never yet loved war meerly for the inhumane act of killing. 'Tis your own selves then that destroy your selves, if you refuse him Justice; he offers therefore, ere yet the Sword has been unkind to *Roman* Mothers, ere widdowed Matrons, with hands up heav'd to Heaven, name you, and curse the cause that rob'd them of their Husbands, ere Orphan Babes, like Callow Birds, the old one killed abroad, dye mourning for their food; ere these and thousand worse events of war arrive, he offers to withdraw his arms, if you restore *Herfilia* and the other Ladies.

Host. Restore *Herfilia*?

Cur. Who 'gainst the Law of Nations, 'gainst all the rights of Civil life, you first invited to your publick Entertainments, and then from thence so foully ravish'd. Our General farther says, if after this your merits can prevail with their respective Parents, to gain 'em for your Wives, you shall have liberty to use such formal means in your address, as peace and Love, not brutal force allow of.

Rom. Tell the most Noble *Tatius*, he is now our Father-in-law, and we as such shall treat him; how ere his, passion bids him act with us. *Herfilia's* not ashamed to call her *Romulus* Husband; and can her *Romulus* fear to call her Wife, and as such keep her here? No, shou'd he bring a greater force than that which made the ten years Seige at *Troy*, here she shoud live and Reign, secure, and better guarded then their *Palladium*: And for the other Ladies, (in all but thirty, and most Attendants to *Herfilia*) they have all found by their own free Election, Husbands or humble Lovers of the best of *Rome*: I cannot force the property of others, nor can I in civility bid 'em remove, where their own choice and love has made 'em settle; besides it were impertinent and base for us to quit the love which they themselves have given, and make a new Court o're again to their old Parents; as for the foul act which you charge me with, and call a Rape, *Herfilia's* self, whose every syllable's a sacred truth, can purge that scandal.

Herf.

Herf. Yes ; Heaven and I can Witness, so can *Felician*a, that 'twas no force but a confederate plot 'twixt my lov'd Lord and me. I knew too well how little kind my Father was to all the *Romans*, how vilely he has spoke of their original, and the *Asylum*, with reason therefore my Lord and I despair'd of his assent, and us'd this means to Crown our loves: Are your demands then just or Honourable that seek to make a Husband quit his Wife ?

Host. Restore *Herfilia* ? Did he not say e're while restore *Herfilia* ? No, I will first my self fight your whole Army, take all the wounds ten thousand swords can give me, challenge every weapon in all your Camp to do its office here, Cut, Gash, and mangle every part about me, till there's not left one place to make a wound on, and I at last drown in a Sea of my own blood, e're you shall have *Herfilia*.

Feli. (*aside*) Sure he mistakes the name, he should have said *Felician*a; my love would have it so. How happy had I been, if this concern, this high excess of favour had appeared for me, but now how wretched ; O I shall faint, conduct me, sweet *Cornelia*, to my Chamber. [Exit.

Rom. Your friendship, dear *Hostilius*, carries you beyond your temper ; my cause too far transports you.

Cur. If these be your resolves, I have command to tell you, War must force the right which you deny us.

Rom. If we must fight, where we had rather Love, and use those arms to kill which should embrace, know *Curtius* we are ready either way : Nor let your *Sabines* think to find our courage less than our love successful. We know the way to make your Men as well as Women Captives. *Tarpeius* see him safe without the walls : Farewel Sir.

Host. Since you demand to have *Herfilia* back, I am no Man of words, I cannot argue whether the thing be just which you demand, but if you are brave meet me in the next skirmish, and then like Men and Soulders we'll dispute it. This if you dare. —

Cur. I smile at these last words ; I dare do more than I dare speak, I am a Coward in my boasting. I long to meet you, Sir, till then I am your Servant. [Exit *Cur.* and *Tarpeius*.

Tarp. Gallantly answered, and with temper ; methinks I love him for't, I wish I were a *Sabine* Maid, or he a *Roman*. *Aside.*

Rom. Come my *Herfilia*, while we have you, we cannot doubt the fate of *Rome* ; Fortune and Victory must act for us, having

so dear a pledge: The love inspired
 By you, a stronger power and more assistance brings
 To our Triumphant cause, than all the aid,
 I justly may expect from *Mars* my Father.
 Then how successful must the *Sabines* prove
 Opposing both the Gods of War, and Love. [Ex. all but *Hostilius*.
Host. But more successful I, who fight against
 Two such almighty passions as Love and Friendship:
 Ye Gods! What have I done to merit such a torment?
 While these two Heavenly flames strive in my breast,
 'Tis hell to me: I'm damn'd in the contest.
 But why shou'd I look on, as unconcern'd
 While Civil War within me rends me peice-meal;
 No, I will be a Monarch o're my self,
 And crush the Rebels. Away thou soft seducer Love,
 Tyrant and Traytor; I am a *Roman*,
 And will keep my Friendship sacred.
 Who can offend in thought, so sweet a Friend
 As is the Mighty *Romulus*? How blind is real kindness,
 He cou'd not see my Passion for *Herfelia*,
 When my love raved but thought it his concern:
 O innocent obliging Goodness! I wish
 The Sword of *Curtius*, when we shall meet,
 May find a way to revenge *Romulus*,
 And piercing this offending bosom, end
 Those thoughts that dared to injure such a friend. [Exit.

ACT. II. Scena Prima.

A Field before the Walls of Rome. Drums and Trumpets.

Enter *Curtius* and other *Sabines*.

Cur. I Would not have this skirmish grow into a Battle,
 Ho, *Lausus*,
 Bid those *Rutilian* succours halt till further Orders.

1. *Sab.* The *Romans*, Sir, draw from their works apace:

Cur. No matter, I know they are too brave

To use their odds, ———

O are you come Sir.

Enter Hostilius and other Romans.

Host. (To his party.) Stand here; approach no nearer.
As you respect your lives.

Cur. (To his) Withdraw to the same distance,
And leave me single to my Generous Enemy.

Host. *Curtius*, I see you are Noble and dare be brave;
I ought in Justice then to ask your Pardon,
That I e're questioned it: they were rash words,
And I repent 'em.

Cur. Spare your Apologies: First try what truth
Is in the appearance. If I indeed have Courage,
You may have cause enough, Sir, to repent,
But if you find me shrink chastize me for it.

Host. The same for me --- Come, Sir, this is for *Romulus*
The best of Men, and sweet *Herfilia's* cause. [They fight, and pause]

Cur. Sure *Hostilius*, you but dally, and hardly think me
Such an Enemy as may deserve your utmost force.
Know then if you are *Romulus's* Champion,
I am his secret Rival. I love *Herfilia*,
Tho she her self yet never knew it,
And with so strong a Passion,

That were not *Tatius* for this war; should he
Forget his Daughter, yet I my self
Would raise an Army to redeem my Mistress,
This sure will make you fight in earnest.

Host. Unhappily discovered! O, I am wounded
In the most tender part about me; thou hast
Unkindly rob'd me of my Honour,
That which I late design'd my dear Friends quarrel
Is now my own; my boasted Friendship, spight
Of all my reason, basely yeilds to love,
The near extinguished flame rages again,
Now I have found a Rival. Hold *Curtius*;
Let me reward your secret with another,
That's yet unknown to all the world;
I love *Herfilia*, (I wish I cou'd not say)
Equal to *Romulus*; and if my flame
So hardly yeilds to what I owe to him,
The Good, the Great, the God-born *Romulus*,
How can I hear thy Claim? Have at thy heart.

Cur. Guard well thy own, *Hostilius*, my heart can know
No wounds; but what *Herfilia* gave, [Fight, both Wounded]

Cur. How just and how invincible so e're,
You think your cause, I see, 'twill not protect you:
You are not invulnerable. You can bleed,
As well as I.

Host. It is my glory, *Curtius*!
I never loved my blood till now, that it appears
So ready to be spent in her dear cause
For whom I have it. Flow, flow for ever
You immortal Fountains; the streams you see, O *Sabine*,
Are not the Ebbs of life but springs of love.

Cur. That shall be thus determined : ----- [*Fight.*

1. *Sab.* Should we stand here and see the noble *Curtius*
Fight to death?

2. *Sab.* It is not reason, His life's not all his own but partly ours.

1. *Rom.* See, yonder *Sabines* move to assist their Leader :
We must not see the brave *Hostilius* fall oppress'd by number.

[*The Soldiers draw to their Principals, and all engage.*
Enter Romulus.

Rom. My Friend engaged and wounded ; it was a lucky
Chance that brought me to this quarter.

[*He engages; the Sabines beaten off.*
Host. Ill timed assistance I had not he appear'd
Either I might have kill'd or dyed;
Fortune I cannot thank thee for this kindness. [*Aside.*

Rom. Still brave and still in noble danger, why
Are you so covetous of Honour, Friend,
As thus to steal it from your *Romulus*,
And not acquaint me with the envy'd purchase?
Why that emphatick sigh? I know 'tis not your wounds.

Host. A wound how deep soever, was never worth it.
But these are slight.

Rom. Slight as they are, I'll urge the cause no further
Till I have seen 'em drest, —

Host. I'de rather make 'em wider; why do we not
Pursue the Enemy? Let me but once again
Engage with *Curtius*, and I will never ask
Another favour.

Rom. You shall not go — [*Holds him.*
I never us'd my power upon my friend till now :
Indeed you shall not go.

Host. Under how greivous a restraint am I,
Who can with pleasure neither live nor dye?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Pallace.**Enter Tarpeia, Portia.*

Port. **W**Hat a sad sight *Tarpeia* have we had
From yonder Tarrace? The memory still afflicts me.
Methinks it is a most undecent thing,
To see brave men, whom nature sure ordain'd
For better ends, and more to her advantage,
Like Tygers fight and worry one another.

Tarp. You tremble *Portia*, that which chills your blood
Has heated mine to noble Emulation,
Had I been man I had not stood with you,
Idle spectator of the brave engagement
But run among 'em, wild, to the thickest action.

Port. Sure you but jest, can any woman have
Thoughts so extravagant —

Tarp. Nature as wrong'd me when she made me Woman:
Or else when I was form'd, she heedless and hastily,
Snatch't the next Soul for me, and left my Sex Imperfect.

Port. Love is our Province, Women know no Wars,
But of the passions: Hope, Fear, soft desires,
Sorrows and suddain joys, make all our Battels.
Happy are you *Tarpeia*, since your heart,
Thus arm'd, seems proof against that passion
Which kills, and even damns so many of us.

Tarp. Wou'd it were so, my *Portia*, as you fancy. ---
But waving this, I prithee tell me freely,
Which you esteem the most deserving Men,
Our Romans or your *Sabines*?

Port. Ay this I like indeed, I'de rather talk
Of gallant Men, than see 'em fight and kill. —
By *Juno*, then *Tarpeia*, I esteem
Your Roman Meen; it speaks a Soul more great,
A finer shape, a face more pleas'd, a look
More amorous than ours.

Tarp. Come, this is all but Complement to me.
Methinks your *Sabines* much excel our Men,
Solid, Majestical, of such a look
As speaks 'em truly just, and even tempered,
More noble than to give a wrong, but when

Received, duly requiting.

Port. Call 'em severe, *Tarpain*, and revengeful.
O did you know how strict they guard their Women,
Seldome or never seen abroad, but at
A Sacrifice or publick Rites, to Heaven:
Thus *Tatius* kept his Daughters, a Man so just
He knows no mercy. —

Tarp. — But what of *Curtius*, prithee?

Port. You have named the only he of all our Nation,
Thats like a Man indeed, such as I'de have him:
Young, Courtly, Brave, well made, and Noble born,
Mighty obliging, and of as mighty Courage.

Tarp. She reads my closer thoughts, before she spake
My Soul had fram'd this Character of *Curtius*. [aside.]

Port. But for that one we have a world of others,
Who though indu'd with vertue upon vertue,
Are yet of such a fullen gravity,
And so morosely wise you'd think 'em out
Of humour with the world, yet more contented
In a small House and Garden, than Kings in Courts.

Tarp. But *Curtius* —

Port. Seems more a *Roman*, than a *Sabine*; he
Scorns the low thoughts of dull Philosophy;
And since the Gods gave him a Princes Soul,
He overlooks the fate of a *Plebeian*, —
Rome, Rome must Rule the World! he can't be otherwise,
Since she alone can shew a thousand such.
I fancy *Romulus*. —

Tarp. More, more, of *Curtius*! I love to hear thee speak;
You paint so prittily the Man, your favour!

Port. I favour him, *Tarpain*; alas that needs not;
He little values any of our favours,
For he had never any Mistress yet;
(At least, that we can guess) that's his chief fault.

Tarp. I like this best of all; I have no Rival. [aside.]

Enter *Cornelia*, Singing. —

Use your Youth, use your Youth and happy hours,
while they remain;

Cheerfully, Cheerfully, while they are ours;
When the blessings entertain,

For time once lost can ne're be found again.

For time once, &c. *Tarp.*

Tarp. See *Portia*, see, how unconcern'd she seems,
Careless of fate while the alarms of war,
Or fiercer love, disquiet all her Sex.
Have you no heart *Cornelia*?

Cor. Not to admit of love, or fear, *Tarpeia* :
The Boy-God never dar'd to wound my breast ;
And if I'me arm'd against a God, why should
I fear a Souldier, --- *Portia* the Queen asks for you.

Port. Then we must part : Farewel *Tarpeia*. [*Ex. Port. Cor.*]

Tarp. Farewell, farewell *Cornelia*, ah happy Girl,
In her own Childish innocence secur'd ;
She never dreams the smart which I endure. [*Exit*]

SCENE III.

Romulus, Hostilius.

Rom. **H**O W long, *Hostilius*, must I sue in vain,
To know the cause why I am thus afflicted,
That is, why you are thus afflicted ? Could I
Have kept a secret from my Friend so long ?
Could I have let him beg so long for that
Which should be his without so much as asking ?
(For every Friend, or is, or ought to be
A confident) nor should I care to know it,
But only in design to ease your sorrow ;
Had you a secret cause of joy, I should
Not then have importuned you for it.
Why stand you thus, silent, and almost senseless,
As you would say, I cannot answer what
You urge, and will not what you ask ?

Host. O worthyest of Mankind ! O Prince too good
To be my Friend ! I wou'd not have you love,
But pity me, and let me still be silent.

Rom. I cannot, must not, dare not, suffer it,
Good *Hostilius*. ---

Host. Then you will not pity me,
I see I must appear foul and unworthy
In denying, or still more foul and more
Unworthy in Confessing. O mistaken goodness !
When you shall see my Soul naked and bare,

Of all its silent vernish, when you have stript
Off the disguise, you'll find so base an object,
So poor and so degenerate a *Roman*.

And such a Monster of abused Friendship,
You'll start at the discovery, and curse me for it.

Rom. Who but *Hostilius*, durst have said this of *Hostilius*?
Or do you aime th' unworthy Character,
At some less dear and less deserving *Roman*?

Host. I do not know another *Roman* that deserves it.
No Sir, tis I: I am the unworthy owner.

Rom. Come all this is false, and feign'd to put me off:
I see through your pretences, it will not do
Hostilius; and I must know your discontent.

Host. Suppose then —
(For such a Crime, from one oblig'd like me
Ought not to be discover'd but by supposition)
Suppose I had agreed with *Tatius*,
To give the City up, betray the Army,
And make my Friend his Prisoner —

Rom. I could forgive it.

Host. Suppose I had designed, prompted by my Ambition,
To stab my Friend basely, and when ungarded,
Usurp his Crown, and make my self the head of *Rome* —

Rom. Tis all impossible, but still I should forgive it.

Host. Higher yet: Suppose I love *Hersilia*,
Your, your *Hersilia*; love her to enjoy her,
For that dear end, suppose I'd be a Traytor,
A Devil; repine and covet those sweet joyes,
Which only you can merit, envy all
The Heaven which you possess in her embraces.
How say you now? Now am not I a Villian?

Rom. No, but a foul defempler of a foul, false scandal,
Do not I know *Hostilius*? I'me sure he cannot
Think a Crime like these; I know he cannot,
Since my *Remus* dyed,
I never had so near a Friend; *Remus* and I,
Were not such Twins in blood, as we two in
Affection. Are not we *Aeneas* and *Achates*?

Host. Tis true, I know you are God born like him,
As good, as great a friend as he; you are
The more Divine *Aeneas*: But where is now,
Faithful *Achates*? O I am not worthy.

I must confess all that I said was false,
 But that which most concern'd you; I love *Herfilia*:
 Aye, there it is, that strikes the very root
 Of friendship; now I'm sure you can't forgive me,
 Nor is it fit you should, I can't forgive my self.
 As good and God like as you are you shou'd
 Not stand unmov'd thus, like a Temple Idol;
 But draw and sheath your Sword here in this breast,
 That dar'd to harbour such injurious passion:
 Come, Sir, you see how wide my bosom opens
 To receive your Justice; P'le meet your Sword,
 And pull it home with my own hands,
 Are you still motionless? I shall not think
 You love *Herfilia* as you ought, unless
 You kill me.

Rom. A Friend, who can confess offending thoughts
 And, like you, hate 'em, ere they grow to action,
 Pleading against himself, with so much Rigour,
 Is still a friend. Our inclinations
 Are not at our Election; but he, that can
 Like you govern his rebel thought by the
 Strict rules of Justice and true reason,
 Ought to be lov'd, and honoured as a King.
 Be reconciled *Hostilius* to your self,
 For you are still as dear to me as ever:
Hostilius's Honour and *Herfilia's* Vertue,
 Admit no Jealous scruples.

Host. Is this your Sentence on *Herfilia's* Lover!
 Do you thus treat a Rival? unheard of friendship!
 Mark then what I decree with better Justice,
 For my own Penance. Since you now have known
 How false my passions are, how strong that love
 That ought not to be nam'd; to free you off suspicion
 I'll leave your *Rome*, for voluntary Exile,
 And never see again my *Romulus*, nor his *Herfilia*.

Rom. Must I be punisht then, because you say
 You have offended; must I lose so dear
 A Friend, because that Friend thinks he has wronged me?
 We will not part, P'le lose an eye before
Hostilius; no, I will hazard all the ill
 His love can do me.

Host. Will you out-rival me in Honour too?

Will you not let me have that Mistress free?

O, you are cruel; —

If you were kind you would not keep me here,

Ever in sight of Heaven, yet in a state

Of such Damnation, I cannot hope

(Nor ought I) to enjoy it.

Rom. I'll woe *Herfilia* to smile upon you;

I know she will for my sake, —

Hof. I dare not trust my self before her smiles,

They will unhinge my vertue, besides

A smile, tho much above my merit, yet to

A love like mine, gives little satisfaction, —

And yet she ought not to give more, — and yet, —

O I am wild, the more I think of this

The more I am confounded. Thus low I beg

[Kneels.

You'd let me leave you. By all the ties

Of friendship; by all the love you owe

Herfilia, allow my absence; for only that

Can cure my phrenzy:

Rom. To beg with such concern is to command,

Where the request is to a love like mine.

If you will go *Hoftilius*, you have your liberty;

But let this dear embrace, and this, convince you,

That when we separate, you carry with you

The better half of your lov'd *Romulus*.

Hof. Witness, sweet Heavens, with what constraint I leave him!

No cause but one could make so sad divorce.

To be a Friend, I leave my Friend for ever.

I'll now to unfrequented Woods, and seek

To lose Mankind; for after *Romulus*,

Who would know other Men? and who would see

A Woman that hath once known *Herfilia*?

Farewel thou God of Friendship; once more Farewel. [Embrace.

I go imperfect, You keep back my heart:

With such a groan the Soul and body part.

[Exit;

Rom. He's gone.

O sacred power of Love! was e're affection

Like this of his? to quit his Mistress, for his Friend,

Nay more, to quit both Friend and Mistress rather

Than injure me? O truly Noble Roman!

Who can his passion in due terms express?

Had he not loved amiss, his love were less.

Enter Herfilia and Felician, Attendants.

Feli. Why did you bring me hither Sister? Here's no *Hoftilius*.

Herf. Wou'd you have dyed in silence! Shou'd I let you
Weep by your self, till I had lost my Sister,
And in a Fountain full of Maiden tears
Found all the poor remains of my *Felician*.
You must not grieve so much, indeed you shall not:
Do not I stand engaged to make you happy?

Feli. Softly, for Heavens sake: Your Lover's there,
I would not he shou'd hear you for the world.

Rom. My dear *Herfilia*! O my only comfort,
I have a Pitious tale to tell my Love,
Hoftilius my best friend, is now my Rival.

Herf. *Hoftilius*?

Rom. Yet so admir'd a Friend he still remains,
That to secure my love, and ease his own,
He hath forsaken *Rome*, and given himself
To a perpetual Exile. —

Feli. (*aside*) Heart hold a little: Life do not yet forsake me!
The other killing word, and then farewell.

Rom. I'll borrow a few minutes of my Love
To view the works, and give abroad new orders,
And then you shall have all the wondrous story. [*Exit.*

Herf. *Felician*! Sister! do but here me,
O she faints —

[*Felician faints back into one of her Womens Armes.*

Cornelia, Portia, Cloc,

Give all you help here quickly: O she's gone!
The fatal news was too too rough, her ear
Too tender to endure it: Bend, Bend her forward;
Give her more air: kind Heavens she comes again.

Feli. O too unkind, O cruel *Romulus*,
Was it not death enough for him to tell me
Hoftilius loves my Sister —

But he must kill me o're again and say,
He's gone for ever? Why do you thus torment me?
Why do you shew me *Rome* again, and not
Hoftilius in it? But I will follow him.
If he be yet in this vexatious world,
I'll find my Love, or lose my self in searching,

If to the world below he be retir'd,
I shall be there almost as soon as he;
The way is easie thither, and I can't miss it.

Herf. Conduct her gently to repose *Cornelia*.
What a surprizing turn was this? Poor Sister?
I have engaged beyond performance for her.
Ye Gods, that favour innocence, be kind;
Keep her wits safe, and cure her troubled mind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Scene, the Sabine Camp.

Enter Tarpeia in Mans Apparel.

Tarp. **F**orgive me Maiden shame, that in this Habit
I seek to ease a Passion, for whose sake
The Gods have taken, more undecent formes.
Yet still I am resolv'd to keep my Honour
Safe and entire, I would but see him once
Again, and then farewell the thought for ever.

Enter a Centry.

Cent. Stand and reveal your self; who are you there?
From whence, and whither going?

Tarp. I come from *Rome*, my business to Lord *Curtius*.
If you can bring me Soldier to his presence,
Take this and this for expedition.

Cent. Gold as I live; if that be all, Sir, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Curtius.

Cur. Hard fate of Lovers! The wounds that I receiv'd
From that *Hostilius*, far less afflict me
Than to discover that he is my Rival;
In vain, I fear, have I procur'd this War
Of *Tatius*, in vain, did I exasperate
The good old Prince against his Daughters Lover,

D a

And

And vilified the Noble *Romulus*,
 If thus the *Roman-Hydra*, Love, produces
 New heads to be cut off before we Conquer.
 Think *Curtius*, think in time, not only how
 To gain *Hersilia*, but to save thy Honour.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. A Youth attends without from *Rome*, he says
 He has affairs to you, and prays admittance.

Cur. Let him Enter, and do you withdraw.

[*Exit Sol.*]

Enter Tarpeia.

Tarp. Would I were off again; now I should speak,
 Heavens! how I am confounded?

[*Aside.*]

Cur. Would you with me, young *Roman*?

Tarp. I am imploy'd Sir, from the *Sabine Ladies*,
 Now *Roman Wives*, *Hersilia* and ———

Cur. Oh speak that Name again, sweet youth, and win
 My Soul for ever! Is this *Hersilia's* message,
 And to me? ——— There's Musick in thy voice.

Tarp. (*aside*) What means this transport? The happy lye, it seems,
 Is well accepted. ——— *Hersilia*, Sir, and all
 Your other *Sabine Beauties* now in *Rome*,
 Have bid me tell you, and by you, *Tatius*;
 Since the kind ties of Love are stricter far
 Than those of blood, they cannot leave their Husbands;
 Nor will they ever think of coming back:
 If by your Armes (which yet they cannot fear)
 You conquer *Rome*, and make 'em yours again,
 You'll force their wills, and do a fouler Rape,
 Than that which brought 'em thither.

Cur. Unkind! ——— thou art a cunning and dissembling Boy;
 Fie on such early falshood. Wou'd any one
 But such a smoothdeceitful thing as you,
 Have rais'd my hopes, to glorious Expectations,
 And so soon dath 'em all again to nothing?
 Away then *Syren-Traytor*;

Tarp. Would I had never seen him,
 O I love him more then ever: ———

Cur. And is this all you have in charge?

[*Asides*]

Tarp.

Tarp. No my Lord, I bring you news of Love.

Cur. The Villain mocks me!

Tarp. By all the Gods ---- kill me if I dissemble ----

Cur. O *Venus*, shou'd this be from dear *Hersilia*!

Love find your eyes again, but this short minute

And be hereafter blind for ever, (*aside.*) — Tell me

Thou Charming Boy; tell me, my better Genius,

What is the sweet Intelligence: Speak, while

A thousand Cupids hovering in the air

Snatch at thy words, and bear 'em, all perfum'd,

About the Heavens.

Tarp. Oh I am ruin'd now beyond all cure:

His tender words strike through my very Soul.

[*Aside.*

Cur. Will you not speak? Why will you torture me
With these delays?

Tarp. Whither will this tumultuous passion drive me?

Now I am in, it thrusts me headlong on;

And bids me stop at nothing: —

[*Aside.*

The Love, my Lord, comes from a *Roman* Lady,

My unhappy Sister. ———

Cur. 'Tis gone again the empty shadow leaves me,

Thy fortune *Curtius* laughs at all thy wishes,

And scorns thy Expectation. —

[*Aside.*

Tarp. She saw you Sir, when you was last at *Rome*.

You came, she saw you there, and was o'recome.

Since as a Captive to your Name and merits,

She knows no joyes, but what must come from you.

Yet is she Noble born, and for her Beauty

Nature's not in her debt, nor Fortune for estate:

'Tis she that sent me now to let you know

All her Command and interest in the City,

You may dispose of.

Cur. Hah, this may be of use to my designs. —

[*Aside.*

Must I not know her name?

Tarp. When you shall please first to discover, Sir,

Whether your heart be free of other love.

Cur. I am as free as air. — Forgive me truth!

Forgive me more Divine *Hersilia*! —

[*Aside.*

Now, Sir, her Name?

Tarp. *Tarpeia*.

Cur. Her Father has Command o're the West-Gate, —

Tarp. He has, my Lord, and she as his Lieutenant.

Cur. This is exceeding lucky, ——— [Aside]
 Tell the dear Creature, your adored Sister,
 I am all hers; but know not if I have
 Enough of interest with her to demand
 One real favour: ———

Tarp. O speak, my Lord, I have a full Commission;
 What e're I grant, she will confirm with joy.

Cur. Be sure of what you say; I may perhaps
 Demand a kindness of too great a value:
 And yet I would not hazard a denial ———

Tarp. Be bolder Sir, I'm sure you cannot ask
 What she can scruple, ———
 Come Sir, what is the mighty tryal?

Cur. It is indeed a tryal of her Love;
 Which if she grants, her passion is as mighty,
 And well deserves my Love, my Life, my Soul ———
 But still I'm not assur'd that she will do't,
 And I can't ask in vain.

Tarp. My love grows wild!
 I know not how to blush: O fatal hour ——— [Aside]
 By *Venus* and her Son! By all the Oaths
 Man can invent, you cannot ask that thing ———

Cur. Hold; I beleive you Sir. Now I'll demand
 With confidence; I ask, or rather beg
 That she'd deliver up her Gate
 To my possession ———

Tarp. You had reason Sir, indeed; so long to question
 Whether it wou'd be granted: Who cou'd suspect
 That your request shou'd be of such a Nature?
 Do Men demand of Maids that would oblige 'em
 Favours like this? How e're since my engagement
 Has run so high, and her Love, much, much higher,
 It shall be done; with only this condition,
 That when she gives the Gate to you, you then
 Shall give your self to her, for ever, ———

Cur. With Justice: O I will Love her, Marry her,
 Adore her, had she no other merits;
 She shall be my everlasting Mistress, ———
 Give her from me, lov'd Youth, this Ring, pledg of
 My heart; and this, this dearer kiss. My Soul's
 On torture till I see *Tarpeia*, — Hark
 Be this the hour, and this the word.

[Whispers.
Tarp.

Tarp. Enough : I'll cause a Souldier to attend your motion,
Beyond the Counterscarp, exactly at the minute.

Cur. Wee'll lose no time: I'll go immediately,
And form a party, and give abroad new orders: —
Another kiss to my dear Mistress, and then Farewel, —
I come *Herfilia*! I am false for you;
Forgive me sacred Honour.

[*Aside.*
[Exit *Curtius*.

Tarp. What have I done?
Betray'd my City and my Honour too.
Unhappy answer. But what is the reward?
The Noble *Curtius* Love. For his dear sake
I'de do it o're again: Betray a hundred *Romes*
As many worlds, — where hast thou lost thy self
Tarpeia? Is this a *Roman* mind? O I am ruin'd!
Yet since I have begun I must go through,
And will; the Dye is cast, what e're event
Succeeds, fear now is causeless, or too late.
Was this to see him once, and only see him?
Wou'd I had never made this fatal Journey:
O cursed Female curiosity,
Thou hast damn'd half my Sex, and half damn'd me! [Exit.

SCENE II. The Pallace.

Herfilia, Portia, Cloe,

Herf. **I**S my dear *Romulus* still absent, does he
Not yet return? Sure he forgets *Herfilia*:

I cou'd not be so very long from him.

Portia, how long is it since my Lord parted?

Port. Scarce an hour, Madam.

Herf. An hour, O false dissembler!

It is a day, a year, an age to me.

How many ages does one hour contain,

When Lovers part! something sits heavy here;

O *Portia*, *Cloe*, help me to remove it:

A case of Lead claps round about my heart,

So cold and heavy. Avert the Omen heaven:

What means this sudden darkness? Do you not

Perceive it?

Cloe

Cloe. No Madam, 'tis as light to us as ever.

Herf. 'Tis night then in my eyes; and well it may
Since they can find no pleasing object here.

How can I view my Sister drown'd in tears?

Tears that would soften Rocks: How can I hear

Her tender innocent heart break with more groans

Than come from a whole Army dying?

Can I with patience suffer this, and yet

My *Romulus*, my only comfort, absent?

Port. Be less afflicted, Madam: Why shou'd you make
Your fate worse than it is, why shou'd you meet

The evil hour and help it forward, thus?

Misfortune is too quick in her approaches:

*Felician*a cannot long continue

In this condition, and for the King,

We know, he's prosperous and well, and not

Far distant.

Herf. O *Portia*, *Portia*! my ill boding thoughts
Carry but too much reason

I had the other night a fatal dream;

Which tho I slighted then, it now returns

Fresh to my memory with all its terrors,

Methought my *Romulus* and I wandred alone

A long a Meadow, near the silver *Tiber*;

Millions of flowers, and numberless their colours,

Both by their odour and delightful object,

Inviting us to rest on the soft Verdure,

We sat; and in a wanton emulation,

Culling the quady treasure of the Mead,

We deckt each others head and bosome with 'em,

Mixing for every flower as many kisses.

Cloe. Thus far 'tis kind; a meer *Elizian* dream.

Herf. True *Cloe*: But that which follows dismal

The cruel River, envious of our Loves,

Swell'd o're his banks, with such a sudden flood

We cou'd not possibly avoid its fury:

In vain I call'd for help, in vain I strove

To save my dear Lords life, as vainly he

To save my dearer life, despised his own,

At last, both tyred with ineffectual pains,

We sunk and dyed Embracing.

Port. It has indeed a sad conclusion, Madam,

But dreams, they say, have a quite different meaning
From what they promise; we may then conclude
Much joy from this, because it seems unhappy.

Herf. Away, and do not flatter me to ruine.

There's but one way I know to turn the Omen,
I'll expiate the fatal dream from my sick fancy. —
Hast to the Temple, *Cloe*, bid the Priest
Prepare the due Lustrations instantly. [Ex. *Cloe*.

When I have cleans'd my self of this foul dream
I'll Sacrifice to all the Genial Powers,
That favour Nuptial Vow's and vertuous Love,
For *Romulus*, my self, and hapless Sister. —

Port. Heaven cannot be unheedful of such merrits,
VVhen fair *Herfilia* prays the Gods must hear,
Her vertue takes by force what they can give.

Herf. Prophane impertient, I merit nothing,
Yet sure they'll hear me, tho it only be
For *Romulus*, and poor *Felician*a, —
Come *Portia*, let us follow to the Temple, [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Fort in Rome.

Romulus, Spurius Tarpeius.

Rom. **I** Like your diligence, *Tarpeius*, well:
You keep your Forts well Man'd, and in good order.
The Enemy can never force us here.

Tarp. I wou'd not live too see that fatal hour,
VVhen all my faculties of soul and body,
Shou'd not appear continually employ'd
To do my Prince and Country their best service,

Rom. Spoke like a worthy Souldier, and true Roman.
Oh, *Tarpeius*, how great a loss have I?
VVere it not for my dear *Herfilia*,
VVho still remains, this world had nothing in it
VVorth a mans living for. My friend! my friend!

Tarp. *Hostilius*?

Rom. VVho but *Hostilius*?

Tarp. He is not dead?
Rom. To me and Rome he is, or rather we
Are dead without him, he was the very soul

Of friendship, life of Love, and the true Sun
 Of Noble action. O! he has left us now
Tarpeius, but in so generous a manner,
 That even his absence speaks more love to me
 Than all the ever dear Remembrance
 Of his past actions, sumn'd together. — Hah!
 VVhat suddain noise is this?

[A noise without, clashing of Swords, and crying Treason, &c.
Enter a Souldier bloody.

Sold. O save your self betimes, great Sir; away,
 Or you are lost for ever, the Forts betray'd:
 The out-Guard, corrupted by some treacherous Devil,
 Let in the Enemy, who pouring on us
 VVith treble numbers, cut to peices all
 That will not yeild to mercy —

Rom. *Tarpeius!* —

Tarp. I cannot answer Sir, to your too just
 Suspitions, but I can dye to shew
 I am no Villain — (*Draws* —) I abhor their favour.
 And scorn my life, since it is now unuseful

[*Is going to fall on his Sword.*

Rom. Hold —

If you are Loyal as you'd make me think,
 VVhy shou'd not we two beat a thousand Traytors.
 Second me —

[*Draws.*
Enter Curtius and Souldiers.

Cur. *Romulus* here! Fortune thou art too kind!
 I have not only won the stake intended,
 But got a By more worth than all the City,

Rom. Stay degenerate, *Sabine*:
 Base as thou art to gain advantage by
 Unmanly Treason, you have not yet
 Subdu'd the Fort, while I am here and can
 Command a Sword, you'l find one *Romulus*
 More than a hundred narrow soul'd *Plebeians*.

Tarp. Nor shall my Prince engage or fall alon.
 He still has left one Souldier who desires
 Nogreater Glory than to dye thus,
 Fighting by his dear side, for whom he lived.

Cur. (*To Rom.*) I know you have been always brave, and now
 Are desperate: I know you both wou'd die
 Like Souldiers fighting; but you shall not. —

Take 'em alive, and disarm the Mad-men, [To his Soldiers.

[They all fight, Rom. and Tarp. are compass'd and disarm'd.
Convey 'em now to stricter Guards, and keep 'em several.

Rom. Poor and ignoble! Thou art below a Man:
I scorn to lose my words on such a Brute.

[Rom. and Tarp. are led off.

Cur. Be it your Province, *Fabius*, to acquaint
The General with our success: Tell him
That I desire he would be with us quickly:
Tell him the Cities all alarm'd and the
Streets barricado'd, yet if he lose no time
There's such confusion, they cannot possibly
Hold long against us; but delay is fatal —
Away with speed: Fly — [Ex: Soldiers.

Did he not say I am below a Man,
Poor and ignoble? Is that my Character?
Too true, alas, I find it, —
Thou hast too much of reason, Noble Roman,
Methinks I hate my self, for the vile office.
And yet I Love *Herfilia* to madness:
To gain that mighty prize, I must be deaf:
To the nice rule of honour, made by fools,
Thus I must win her or for ever lose her.

Enter Tarpeia in her own Apparel.

Tarp. My Lord the Fort is now intirely yours, and all
The Guards secur'd. Yet still there does remain
One dear Command that waits for your possession.

Cur. Where? Shew me the place —

Tarp. 'Tis no part of the works, but she that did Command 'em.
Be not so strange my Love, 'tis I, that made
The Fortress yours, wait to be yours my self.
Come my brave Conquerour: My greater *Mars*,
Receive those Joies from me which *Venus* gave
Her God of war, when he arriv'd at *Paphos* —
What means this silence, sure you do not know me.
I am *Tarpeia*: She that gave you all
You now possess in *Rome*, her Fathers Gate,
Her Father, self, and honour, yet thinks not all
Too dear to buy your Love, — Sure now you know me.

Cur. Yes I do know you, Madam, you have given more
Than I indeed cou'd hope, and still wou'd more
Than I desire.

[Coldly.
Tarp.

Tarp. How, Sir, have you already lost
The memory of your late vows? Is it so long
Since you obliged your self, (if words have force)
On the condition, which you now possess,
To make me yours by Marriage? Am not I
The same *Tarpela* still?

Cur. You are; but I
Not the same *Curtius*. Your beauty is your blemish,
And what you urge for merit shews you foul,
I cannot love a Traytres.

Tarp. Let me hear this from *Rome*, and from my Father,
From you it is inhumane! I cou'd endure your Sword
With better ease, kill me, and expiate thus
The Crime of too much Love.

Cur. Kill you? I wou'd not be so base to rule
The world: No, live, live to repent your shame
But do not think of me, I cannot Love
And therefore will not marry.

Tarp. Thunder is musick in my ears to this —
Thou most unkind yet best beloved of Men
What have I done to be so soon forgotten? [Weeps.
Are my obligeiments less by being acted?
Has some *Serene* blasted my Maiden beauty?
Am I grown old or sudden, my eyes dead
My cheeks all withered, nothing of the Rose
Left there, but wrinkles? — Come my Lord, I know
This is not real, you do but try my temper, —
When will you smile? —

Cur. I am in earnest, do not torment your self
Or me, with further pleading, your words are lost.

Tarp. Are neither words nor tears of force to make you kind?
Look Sir, a Lady kneels, thus low,
She sues to you, she for whose Love of late,
The bravest Youth of *Rome* have sued in vain.

Cur. *Herfilia*, may not this deserve you? Who
But I cou'd have neglected such an object? [Aside.

Tarp. Thou Rock! thou more inflexible than destiny!
Say, cruel man, if it becomes thee well
To see a Loving Lady kneel so long,
And yet — and yet, not raise her.

Cur. Pray rise —

Tarp. Shall I, to your affection? Will you Love me?

Cur. No; I cannot.

Tarp. Then I will grow a Statute, and kneeling thus
Be an eternal Monument of your injustice,

Cur. Pray leave me, and forget me ever; hence forth
I will endeavour never to see you more.

Tarp. Never to see me more, O perjur'd man!
False as the winds and Seas, which every minute
Alters! Thou rude *Babarian*! A *Roman* wou'd
Have sooner dyed, than thus, have wrong'd one of my Sex.

Cur. This is too much for man to hear unmov'd,
Something within pricks at my heart, I feel
It made of flesh —

[*Aside.*

Tarp. Have I for this betray'd
My Country, Father, nay by the event, my Prince,
And made the sweet *Herfília* a Widdow?

Cur. Ha! that name revives me, and clears up all
The clouds of pity, that begun to geather —
How long will you torment me? Leave for shame
To be impertinent, unwelcome Woman.

[*Aside.*

Tarp. Wilt thou not break with this? O heart, too, too
Induring.

[*Still on the ground and weeping.*

Enter Tatius.

Tat. Your Messenger has told me, *Curtius*,
Of your success, and how you are successful:
I like the event, but disapprove the means:
'Tis base to gain by Treason: But since 'tis done,
We must not lose the advantage. —

What Woman's this, and why in such a posture?

Cur. Neglect her Sir, she is not worth your knowledge.

Tarp. O do me justice, Sir, if you Command
The *Sabines*, shew your self fit for rule and do me Justice.

Tat. Rise, and now speak with assurance; shou'd your cause,
Concern my self, I'de do you right severely.

Tarp. I am the unhappy Daughter of *Tarpeius*,
I need not tell you that he held this Fort,
Till I betray'd it to this perjur'd Man,
Who now denies me his dear purchased Marriage.

Tat. Thou hast condemn'd thy self, unworthy Maid:
Why should you hope that Faith or Love from him
Which you deny'd your Father and your Country!
A Traytors Sentence shou'd be your, in Justice
'Tis mercy lets you live, and gives you freedom —

Shew me the works, and then to *Romulus*.

; [To *Curtius*.

[Exit *Tatius*, *Curtius*.

Tarp. Slighted, despised, unpityed, and is this
All the reward the *Sabines* give for treason?
O curst deceiver, curst be the hour I saw him;
And curst be I for seeing! O damn'd, damn'd Love
That found out such a Villain! but this is idle;
So are all words; blood and revenge inspire me,
Something I'll do to cleanse my fully'd name,
Or with my life lose all the the sense of shame.

[Exit.

ACT. IV. SCENE I. A Prison.

Romulus Solus.

TH E world and I should be at even terms,
Weary of one another, wear it not for
My dear *Herfilia*: While she is here
I cannot think of dying: My Heaven's in *Rome*.
'Tis she that holds my hand, and bids me live,
Or else I'll quickly give my self the freedom,
Which these false *Sabines* have deny'd me. ---- Ha!
Do I dream waking? Or am I really asleep
And fancy this fair vision, like *Herfilia*?

Enter *Herfilia*.

Herf. My dearest Lord! are you not much surprized, [Embracing.

Rom. Extreemly, almost as much surprized as pleased,

Herf. Ill news has wings: I soon heard this misfortune.

'Twas death to me to be a minute from you.

Attended by one Servant only, I flew hither,

Some small acquaintance, and a greater bribe

Open'd the Guard, and once again I see

My *Romulus*, my life! but time admits

Few words, you shall not dwell in this Confinement:

Rom. Had you the Prison keys, I know I should not.

Herf. Let us retire, and change our habits quickly:

You shall return in mine, and leave me here.

Rom. Never till now could I deny *Herfilia*;

I must not now obey you, Sweet; nor Love,

Nor honour will permit it, No, I will dye

A thousand deaths, a thousand several ways
Sooner than leave you here.

Herf. I beg it.

Rom. O do not beg that I should Love you less,
Ask not so much injustice.

Enter Tattus, Curtius.

Tat. Did you not say he was alone, how came
This Woman with him?

[To Curtius,

Curr. Ha! *Herfelia*? I am amaz'd.

[*Aside.*

Tat. My Daughter here! Heavens, I am more successful,
Than I expected, — *Curtius* the war is ended

Nothing remains but Execution now,
In those two Criminals. — Do you not feel

A terrour at my sight, can I appear
Less frightful, then your evil genius to ye!

Have you forgot the injured *Tattus*, or
The Crime which you so late committed?

Rom. I never knew what terrour was; less now
Than ever, —

If it becomes you to insult on this
Base gain'd advantage, it does not me to fear.

Tat. It least of all becomes a Man of Honour,
To do like *Romulus*; Ravish invited Maids,
And then out-brave the Justice, that attends,
The foul, false, treacherous act.

Rom. Speak better of such acts since they are yours.

You had not now been here, nor I compell'd
To hear such Language; were it not for Treason.

Tho you, I see, have lost your temper, Sir,

I must not lose the due respect I owe

Herfelia's Father, else I should tell you

How falsely that is called a Rape, which was

Consent, free and without Compulsion.

Tat. That which you call consent, does not at all

Make you less guilty, but my Daughter more.

It shewes her to have been Confederate

In her own Rape, a party in the Crime,

Equally guilty with her Ravisher:

And since by natures Law the Parent has

An absolute Dominion, o're his issue,

How could she give her self away to any,

And not rob me? this is your Sentence then,

(And:

(And were you both as dear to me as my two eyes,
I wou'd not bate the rigour, of true Justice)
Since you have both been actors in a Crime
Abhorr'd by Nature, ye shall both die together.
You for your Rape, You for your Disobedience.

Herf. Both die, O cruel Father! Sir, I yeild
To your just sentence on your Daughter: I know
I have offended; much, much offended,
In daring to bestow my Love without
Your knowledge; nay, where I knew you hated.
I'm very guilty, Sir, and over me,
I know, you have the power of life and death,
Use it freely: You have condemn'd me justly,
But on my knees I beg, that I alone,
May dye, and not the noble *Romulus*.

'Twas I that moved him to the Rape you mention:
Who would refuse a Ladies offer'd Love?
Besides consider, Sir, he is a Prince,
At least, your equal, his life's not in your power:
The Law of Arms allows him to be ransom'd.

Rom. Hear this you Goddeses, and take Example
From a weak mortals Love! thou Miracle,
Of Conjugal affection, why should you injure
Your own innocence so highly, and all
To favour one, who ought not to be pittied,
Since he has been the occasion of your ruine? —
'Tis I, great Sir, 'tis I am only guilty;
Take in my blood your full revenge, but spare
The innocent; I gladly yeild to death,
I'll quit you too from all aspersion,
I'll say you are not cruel, not unjust,
If she may live —

Tat. My Sentence is irrevocable,
And you have both confest enough to clear
Me of injustice: You shall both die.

Rom. Spare your own blood, Sir, Tygers will not prey
On their own young one's; let it not be said
By mourning Lovers, who shall hear this story,
Herfilla, sweet *Herfilla* had no fault
But that she was the inhumane *Tatin's* Daughter.

Herf. O plead no more for me my dearest Husband,
If you must die I will not live, without you.

'Twere cruelty to think it, — (*To Tatius*) Sir, I beseech you,
 Regard not what he says, if when he dies
 You will be so unkind to spare my life,
 I can find ways enough to follow him :
 Should you be still more cruel, and prevent me,
 Yet grief would quickly break my heart, in pity.

Tat. It shall not need : — No, you shall die together.

Trust me I am afflicted for you both,
 But I must grieve in silence ; sacred Justice
 Is far more dear to me than my own life : —
 See the effects of Rash, unthinking Love !
 Take your eternal farewell of each other
 This hour is yours, the next you are no more.
Curtius attend me.

[*Exeunt* *Tat.* *Cur.*

[*Romulus* and *Herfilia* remain silent a while.

Rom. Tatius, (*I cannot say your Father*) Madam,

Permits me the sad favour, ere we part,

To take my everlasting farewell of you.

But with what face can I approach *Herfilia* ?

Or with what eye can she behold the wretch

Unto whose fatal Love she owes her ruine ?

O had you rather chosen a poor Cottage,

Than my unhappy Pallace, a *Sabine* Shepheard

Before the King of *Rome*, you had not then

Known this sad change, nor I the sense of such

A guilt, that wracks my very Soul to pieces.

Herf. How long has *Romulus* lost that great Soul,

Which he received from a Cœlestial Father ?

For yielding thus to fate, sure he has lost it.

Unduly shou'd we use, my dearest Lord,

Those small remains of life, that still are left us

By such ill tim'd complaints, as these, to whet

That grief, which has but too much edge already.

What have I done, that you shou'd think I value

This severe turn of fortune, when compar'd

To your dear Love ? O banish the false thought.

My passion sees in you something more great

Than Crowns, something above the power of fate :

'Tis *Romulus* I Love, and not Dominion.

Rom. Ye Gods ! why should I live beyond this moment ?

Let me die pleas'd, now, now, before her feet,

From whom I hear such words. When I consider

The never equal'd Love of my *Herfilia*,
 And what I lose, rage and despair possess me.
 What man can think that so Divine a Soul
 Must leave that fair abode, unjustly too,
 And in his heart at the same time not feel
 Compassion sharper than the Tyrants Steel?

Herf. Why should you be concern'd, where I am not?
 I kiss my Sentence, whatsoever it be,
 To live or die, it is the same thing to me.
 Should I appear to weep, Judge when I do;
 Whether those tears fall for my self or you.

Rom. No more, my Love; O spare a breaking heart,
 You pierce my Soul in the most tender part.
 O rather flatter my credulity,
 Tell me to save your life, that I must die:

If at that price your safety could be bought,
 How blest were I / there's Heaven in such a thought?

Herf. My *Romulus* is in his Love severe,
 He'd be a God alone, and leave me here;
 Much kinder was my Father in that breath
 That spoke our fate; he Marry'd us in death.
 O happy, happy Sentence! when we die,
 With equal pace, we'll both ascend the skie:
 While, as we mount, Mortals, that see the Ray
 Of our United flames, out-shine the day,
 Shall call us happy Lovers, envy us;
 And think no joyes of Love like dying thus.

Rom. The Gods, the Gods invite us up, I know:
 Something within me says it must be so.
 Let us make haste my Love, and leave behind
 The names to which this world as been unkind:

I will be thy *Quirinus*, thou shalt be
Heber, the ever fair, and young to me.

When seated in our new Celestial state,
 How we shall smile at *Tatius* and his hate.
 All *Romans* with our favours we will bless,
 But be most kind to Lovers in distress.

Herf. No mournful youth in vain shall shed a tear,
 No hapless Maid shall sigh, but we will hear.

Rom. We'll ease their inward wounds, heal their despair,
 And against fate fight for the brave and fair.

Herf. But where a matchless pair of Loves I find

Wrong'd by a Parent, cruelly unkind,
I'll her *Hersilia* call, him *Romulus* :
We needs must favour them, for they are us.

Rom. We wrong our selves, and all our joys delay,
Let's seek out death, and meet fate half the way.

Hers. Come my dear Lord ——— [Taking his hand.
Thus Joyn'd we'll rise to a Divinity,
'Tis death to live, when 'tis so sweet to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Scene the Pallace in Rome. A Couch.

Cornelia, Cloe.

Cloe. **W**Hat's to be done, *Cornelia*? We are left
Methinks like travellers, that lose their guides,
Unknowing both the Language and the Country:
Romulus they have made Captive, *Hersilia*
Will have no Liberty without him, but gives her self
To the same Prison freely; yet shou'd I tell
Her Sister this, it would but more undo her.

Cor. Poor Lady! since *Hostilius* went from *Rome*,
She is no longer she, we have lost her too.

Cloe. I have a Captain, my most obedient servant,
Tho I confess he does me little service,
He being now continually on duty,
I'd be content to lose my man for ever
Could I but bring *Hostilius* back to give
The harmless Maid her pretty wits again.

Cor. In an ill hour the *Romans* have committed
That which our Parents call a Rape, if thus
Our men themselves so soon are Ravisht from us.

Cloe. But who Ravish't *Hostilius*? Nothing but his own
Heroick Friendship, a shame take these Honourable intrigues,
They cause more harm than good, all our misfortunes
Are owing to his absence,

Cor. *Cloe*, no more ———
See where she comes with such a pitty'd air,
In her distracted innocence, that makes me weep to see her.

Enter Feliciana.

Feli. Why did you tell me, *Cornelia*, that my Sister
Is rid away behind *Hostilius*? Indeed you are to blame,

For tho I know, he does not love me, I'm sure
Hersilia wou'd not do it for a Kingdome.
 Yet were it true, cou'd you be so unkind
 To tell it me?

Cor. I never said it, Madam.

Feli. I ask your pardon heartily, *Cornelia*:
 It was not you indeed. — See where my Sister
 Stands yonder, sorting pretty Pinks, and Daisies,
 With Violets and yellow Crocus's,
 To make a wedding Garland for *Hoftilius*,
 Yet will not give me one poor flower among 'em.
 No matter, I have Roses of my own
 Enough to strew me when I'm dead.

S I N G S.

*White as the Lilly will she lye
 When the foolish Maid shall die,
 For she carry'd with her, her Viginity:*

O fie, O fie.

— Is not that *Cloe*?

Cor. Yes Madam.

Feli. Then it is not my Sister, I knew so much
 Already, tho you think I know nothing.

Cloe. When will you try to sleep dear Madam!

Feli. O *Cloe* I shall never sleep again.

Hoftilius will not let me sleep, least I
 Should dream of him — Is not that unkind?

Cor. Pray try what charmes there are in Musick, Madam.

Feli. Let it be mournful then, for should they play
 A Cheerful air, and I so merry as I am,
 Twou'd make me mad — ha, ha, ha, ha —
 But tis no matter, I'll sit down here and weep.

[Soft Musick,

No more, I hate these Viols: *Hoftilius* is a Souldier
 Let me hear voices: Sing a Trumpet to me.

S O N G.

[To a Martial Air.

*Make hast fair Queen of Cyprus, tarry not:
 Have you the impatient Love of Mars forgot?
 He bleeds, he bleeds, from wounds unseen,
 That know no cure but such a Queen.
 You are the only Surgeon has the art
 To cure a God that's wounded in the heart.*

See, the fair Queen of Cyprus does appear,
 While all the wither'd beauties of the year
 Start up and smile, to feel her bring,
 Something more welcome than the Spring.
 The Rose and Jessamine, perfume the air,
 Yet do her Garlands take their sweetness from her hair.
 She comes, she comes, she comes a Lovers pace
 With all the smiles of Heaven in her face.

Chorus. Why should not than the brave be fortunate?
 Why shou'd the fair be hapless in their Love?
 When the Cæstrial powers that rule their fate
 Keep such a kind intelligence above?

Feli. Fetch me a Roman Pile, and Sabine Shield,
 I'll after the ungrateful Runegade, [Starting up.
 And force him back to duty — alas, alas,
 Laugh at me good *Cornelia*, prithee laugh.
 Can I force him whom mighty *Cupid* could not?
 I saw the little God shoot all his Arrows at him,
 And still *Hostilius* fenced, and fenced, and fenced
 'Em all away; and still as they came,
 He filcht them all into his own Quiver.
 At last the boy sate down and wept for having lost
 His Arrows: But what did I?

I went up boldly to the pretty Child,
 And strok't him thus; be comforted said I, [Stroaks Cor.
 I'll give thee new Artillery, sweet infant:
 I'll give my boy a Quiver full of sighs.
 At this the Urchin smil'd: Ah! foolish Girl, said he,
 Sighs are indeed a sort of Arrows, but they
 Can only wound her breast that shoots 'em.

Cor. and Cloe. Dear Madam try to sleep once more.

Feli. I will, I will, I will, I will, — [Sits down again.
 But then you must not sing another Trumpet;
 I hate the thought of war, *Hostilius* is
 Too much a Soldier! Sing any thing but that,
 And I will try to sleep in earnest.

S O N G.

Where art thou God of dreams; for whose soft chain
 The best of Mankind ever do complain;
 Since they affect to be thy Captives before Liberty
 Unkind and disobliging Deity!

*He flies from Princes and from Lovers Eyes.
Yet every night with the poor Shepherd lies?*

I I.

*Show thy self now a God, and take some care
Of the distressed Innocent and fair.
To rest, to rest, dispose the pitty'd Maid, her eye-lids close
Gently, as evening dews shut up the Rose:
Then bear in silent whispers to her ear
Such pleasing words as Virgins love to hear.*

*Cloe. She sleeps, she sleeps, Cornelia! Happy minute.
Let us withdraw, for fear we should disturb
The blessed slumber.*

[They come forward, and the Scene shuts upon Feliciania.

*Cloe. But while our care's employ'd here for Feliciania,
We must not lose the memory of Hersilia.
We are obliged in Honour to find some means
To free the Noble Lovers.*

*Cor. Poor Cloe, what are we weak helpless Maids
To attempt so brave and act, when all the force
In Rome can hardly, hope to do it?*

Enter Portia, weeping.

*Port. If you have any tears in store, now, now
Is the sad fatal hour arriv'd to spend 'em,
If you have eyes, shew it, and weep, for mine
Already are quite lost in sorrows —
The Noble Romulus, and his Hersilia,
That Glorious pair of Captives, are by Tatius,
(O cruel Sabine, O scandal of our Nation)
Sentenc'd to death, and now the cursed minute
Comes on apace, when the inhuman Sentence
Must have a more inhuman Execution.*

*Cloe. So sad a tale, as this, tho but a fiction,
Cannot be heard without some tears?
For sure, my Portia, you but dissemble with us,
Or if you be in earnest, yet Tatius, is not:
He cannot be so barbarous.*

[Weeps.

*Port. Oh never hope it, he is grown a Monster:
Justice the best of virtues is in him
The worst of vices, since he can act
A cruelty like this, and call it Justice.*

Cloe. And is this true? Happy Feliciania,

Whose want of sense secures her from this new sorrow :
Wou'd I too were distracted.

Cor. I will not be so vain to wish, where I
Can rule my fate : Ple die with my dear Lady :
I need no other Tyrant then my grief,
Sorrow shall do the part of *Tatius* to me.

Port. I love my Queen as much as any can ;
I cou'd indure a thousand prisons for her ;
Suffer a thousand sorrows, nay I could wish,
Wish heartily, that I were dead to save her.
But when I think I am a dying, —
Oh how I tremble: death is a thing of such
An ugly form, so old, and full of horror,
It never can agree with a young Virgins fancy.

Cloe. How poor a thing it is to be a woman ;
Ah helpless sex ! we have desires, yet still
Want power to act them. Come my sad Companions,
Let us all try to melt away in tears :
In such a death no frightful shai e appears,
Insensibly we shall be eased from care,
As Eccho once, in sighs dissolv'd to air.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Hostilius.

Host. I Cannot go out of the sight of *Rome*,
How long have I been wandring to no purpose ?
Like strangers straying in a wood, I think
To Travel forward, but am indeed
Brought back, insensibly to my first station.
Sure something is forgot ; shou'd not I see
Hersilia, ere I part ? It must be so,
Goodmanners say I shou'd. O I dare not
To see her, O to stay for ever here
And lose my generous thought ; my boasted friendship.
No, I will on : Ple spur my testy Nature,
And make the dull Jade travel forward, forward ;
It is a glorious journey, and I will go.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Tarpeia, in Mans Apparel, but different from the former.

Tarp. 'Tis requisite, I should redeem my honour

In

In the same garb I lost it; my designe,
 Is much too Masculine for my own habit.
 O *Curtius*, *Curtius*, that I cou'd remove thee
 From *Rome*, and from the world, with as much ease
 As from *Tarpeia's*, much abused affection.
 But let it be: The greater difficulty,
 The greater glory. Wert thou arm'd with thunder,
 Fenced with a wall of Adamant, and Seas
 Deeper and feircer, than the *Adriatick*,
 I'd find a way to thy perfidious heart;
 And tell thee there what's due from injur'd Love.

Enter *Hostilius*.

Host. How much in vain do we resolve to act
 What fate forbids? The Gods have drawn a line,
 And tho I strain and summon all my powers,
 They hold me back; and laugh at my endeavors:
 I must not, cannot pass the fatal limits.
Rome I am thine again! The Gods that bring me here
 Let them preserve my Honour.

Tarp. Now fortune, if thou art a Goddess, help me.
 Honour, if thou art more then a bare name,
 Assist me, since I act not for revenge
 Alone, but *Romulus* my injured King.

Host. Ha! did not that boy name *Romulus*? I cannot
 Hear that dear name, but I must wish to see him —
 You mentioned, Youth, the King: Is he this way?

Tarp. Where has the brave *Hostilius* been to ask
 That question? Can *Romulus* be a Captive,
 And he, his nearest friend, not know it?

Host. What do I hear? Speak out thou fatal Messenger
 Of killing news; delay me not with questions,
 But answer mine directly. Where is my King, My *Romulus*?

Tarp. In the West-Tower, a Captive there to *Tatius*.

Host. Was this the cause I could not go from *Rome*?
 Was it for this my steps forsook my conduct,
 And erring right, have wandred back again?
 O sacred Providence, I now adore thee! —
 Admire not boy, that I'm a stranger here,
 I have been absent, a Truant from the City;
 And now returning, yet for a private reason
 I've shun'd the sight and speech of all I met. ==
 But one word more for I am call'd to action

How has this news agreed with fair *Herfilia*?
And where is she?

Tarp. A Prisoner with her Husband.
Freely she gave her self to the same fetters.
She lov'd too well to be at large without him:

Host. And is the sweet *Herfilia* too a Captive?
What *Romulus*, and his *Herfilia* too!
Fortune invites me to the greatest Glory,
To Sacrifice my life, or free at once,
The two most lov'd by me of all Mankind.

Tarp. (*Aside.*) I've ruin'd my own project; O! he'll prevent me,
And I shall never get again my honour,
Nor give a due revenge to injur'd Love,
Shou'd I be thus defeated. (*To Hostilius.*) However, tho
Affairs are very desperate, yet I
Have form'd a way to free the Noble Lovers:
I beg the brave *Hostilius* would permit it.

Host. Heavens! This is another Rival: *Herfilia's* beauty
Makes all Mankind, of every age, adorers.
How fate has spited me? altho I know
He loves my Mistress, yet such a Rival Child
Is much below my notice. —

[*Aside.*
Thou form a way to free 'em, ---- alas, poor boy!
Who owns this stragling Child? ----
Thou free the Noble Lover's: What darst thou do to free 'em?

Tarp. Sir, tho I think, I dare as much as any,
Encounter fire and water, fight against all
The Elements, endure a thousand wounds,
And every wound, a several death; yet what
I have designed is not to be effected
By over daring, but by address and wit.
Force is too desperate, my way is sure,
If you, not ruine all by acting rashly.
Suffer me then to act alone, I beg it:

The Honour, Sir, of my whole life's concern'd.

Host. His honour? 'tis so, aye he must love *Herfilia*,
He could not else be so concern'd and earnest. — [*Aside.*
Thy Honour Boy! what's that, who ever heard
Of a Boys Honour?

Tarp. My Love, my life, and my revenge will suffer.

Host. His Love, Horror! [*Aside.*

It is an impudent request, that I
Should stand unactive in a cause like this. —
Thy honour suffer! Dam it: Mine will more,
As infinitely more,
As there is difference 'twixt my Love and thine.
Go poor effeminate Creature, use thy ways
Of fraud and treachery, fit for boys or women.
I'll be a Man, and force the prison open.

[To Tarp.]

Tarp. He'll ruine my design infallibly,
Unless I give it speedy Execution:
I must effect it then, while he is drawing
A party up for the assault, or never.
He must lose time, but I can't spare one minute.
Fortune assist me: Revenge and hate inspire me.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

Scena ultima, The Fort.

Enter Curtius and Tarpeius.

Cur. I've open'd all my heart *Tarpeius* to you,
Because I know your interest with *Romulus*:
You can prevail with him: You see what power
I have to make my offers good. — *Tatius*
Has given this Fort to me, and I have here
An absolute Command, since he return'd back to the Camp.

Tarp. You have indeed made me a large Confession,
But I'm not sure I understand you right,
I think you say you love the fair *Herfilia*;
And as a means to gain her wrought this war,
And got my Fort by Treason. —

Cur. True.

Tarp. You tell me, she and *Romulus* are both
To die, Condemn'd by *Tatius* for the Rape;
But notwithstanding, if I'll prevail with him
To quit *Herfilia* to your love, you'll give
Him Liberty, and me my Fort again. —

Cur. Most willingly.

Tarp. I think you said you never lov'd the Treason.
But for *Herfilia's* sake. That 'twas my Daughter
Betray'd the Gate, for which alone you hate her,
And fain would give it back on these conditions —

Cur.

Cur. Most true.

Tarp. No, hate my Daughter still, hate her as much
As I do ; It is the only act of all thy Life,
That shews thee good or brave : Know thou most vile
Of all the *Sabines*, that the King of *Rome*
Has not so poor Soul, but he had rather
Lose twenty thousands lives, than but one thought
(The least of all his thoughts) for his *Herfilia*.

Cur. And will you not persuade him ?

Tarp. Yes : Where he not already fixt I would
Persuade him, and use all means, all Arguments
To settle him in such a Resolution. —

'Tis well for thee, I am thy Prisoner, *Curtius* :
Had I my Liberty, and Sword again
I'de answer in another phrase, and tell
Thy heart, what 'tis to tempt a *Roman* to
So base an action.

Cur. Are you so brave ; Ho there without ; who waits

Enter Guard.

Take him and guard him strictly, on your lives
Let him not speak to any, nor be seen.

[*Exeunt Guard and Tarp.*]

I'me at a loss, my best design is blasted,
Yet I'll not give it o're, *Herfilia's* Love
Has joyes enough to recompence, a thousand crosses.

Enter a Soldier and Tarpeia.

Sol. Yonder's my Captain, Sir, at leisure too,
But you must leave your Sword with me.

Tarp. Take it. —

[*Gives her Sword.*]

Hail to the Noble *Curtius*, if you be he ?
I have affairs that touch you very nearly.

Cur. I am the man, if they concern my life ;
Speak boldly.

Tarp. They do, and what's more near, your love.

Cur. Speak softly, Boy. The very name of love
Hath something in't so sacred, it requires
A private ear and ought not to be heard
By any unconcern'd ; the profane vulgar
Withdraw, and suffer none whoever ; to
Approach this way, till I give notice.

[*To the Soldiers*]

[*Enter Soldier*]

Tarp. It is indeed a mighty secret Sir,
And we can't be too private.

Cur. True Boy, ———
Now speak.

[Locks the door.

Tarp. I am sent hither from the fam'd Sybilla ———

Cur. About my Love? Ay, Ay, I do not doubt it.
'Tis such a strong and violent passion, Boy,
The Gods may well take notice of it.
What says the Prophetess? Did she not name
Hersilia in the Message? If she did not,
O never speak it to me; all other words
Are discords in my ear.

Tarp. She did, she did,
She nam'd the sweet Hersilia often,
And said, ——— But first, see my Credentials, Curtius. ———
Look Sir, this is her hand, and this; no, this ———

She gives him a Letter, and as he is opening it to read, she comes up, and looking over his left Shoulder, as if she would instruct him in something, whips out his Sword.

Turn hither Monster, and behold thy Hell,
Before you feel the flames. ——— I am Tarpeia. ———
Nay stir not, or by all the Gods, and all
The Devils, like thy self, I'll nail thee to
The ground: tho I am a Woman, yet I am
Inspir'd with all the force and fury now of twenty men.

Cur. It is the very she;
What a dull beast was I not to suspect
That face! my Love transported me to ruine. [Aside.

Tarp. Tremble, and hear me thou inhumane Villain.
I come prepar'd to take a full revenge
For all my slighted Love, my ruin'd honour,
For Romulus, my Country, and my Father.
I value not my life, when I have thine.
Ere give mine freely up to any torment.

Cur. How have I wrong'd you, Madam? You know too well,
Our passion's not at our own choice, if fate
Has pointed your love this way, mine to another;
It is your fate has wrong'd you, and not I.

Tarp. Unheard of impudence! face of a Devil!
Can you say this to me? To me who have
Betray'd my King, my Country, Father, All
Forthor perfidious wretch? 'Tis not thy Love
I value now, but seek for my lost honour;

Didst thou not swear, thy Love was free? and by
That specious bait tempt me to be a Devil?
Give me my faith again I owe my Country:
Give me again my Innocence, false man,
Make me no traitor. — *It can not be.*
My names all over fully d, black, blacky as Hell,
But I will wash it in thy blood: I'll search
The fountain of thy veins, suck thy hearts blood,
Then know the flesh into a thousand peices,
And grieve the diet will not last for ever.

Cur. Where are my Guards? O that they knew my danger!
Will no kind *Demon* tell 'em. — Ho! without.

Tarp. Nay if you open, Hell-hound, then have at thee.

[Makes at him, he strives to defend himself, but is wounded.]

Cur. Yet spare my life and I will pardon all.

I'll Love thee too, give back the Fort and Prisoners.

Tarp. Abhorred Creature! no: I now hate more
Than I e're lov'd, tho I lov'd more than any.

Wert thou more suppliant at my feet, than I
Too lately was at thine, I'd spurn at thy
Petitions, thus; and be more cruel,
If it were possible, than thou wert, Devil.
As for the Fort, I'll quickly take that back.
But first thy life. — *[Assaults him again.]*

Guard. To Armes, to Armes: Where are you *Curtius*? *[Without:]*
Captain to Armes, to Armes, we are surpriz'd.

Cur. Make hast and break the door. *[Knocking.]*

Tarp. I'll open first a door to thy false heart.

[Curtius closes Tarp. and as they are striving, the Guard enter.]

Guard. Hal *Curtius*, unarm'd and wounded? See the young Traitor:
Oh Murderous Villain! — *[The Guard wound Tarp.]*

Cur. Forbear, it is a Woman; *[Curtius disarms her.]*

Guard. O Sir, the Forts in danger, — the *Romans* headed
By their *Hostilius*, pour like a torrent on us.
We want your Countenance and conduct.

Cur. I am much wounded, but I think none mortal:
On to the danger, — *[To Tarp. as he goes off.]*

Despised thing, false both to *Rome* and me,
Make use of these few minutes. I'll but secure
My Guard, at my return expect
The due reward which all thy Treasons Merit. *[Ex. Cur. cum suis.]*

Tarp. Yes, I will use the time — I bleed — 'Tis nothing, —
 The fight does but encourage me to action;
 O that I had a Sword! I'll to the assault
 While all is in Confusion, I cannot miss
 A weapon on the place; My Country calls;
 My help, though weak, will yet assist her something.
 Could I die fighting for her, I were happy.
 When life's a burthen, all our fortune cros,
 To lose it Nobly then, how sweet's the loss? *[Exit]*

ACT. V. SCENE I. The Fort.

Hofilius, Soldiers, Tarpeia,

Hof. **T**HE Fort is ours again: But we have strangely
 Mist the Commander.

Sol. Salinus Curtius, Sir, when he perceived
 All past Redemption, with some few Officers,
 Forced their way through us, and fled safely over
 To their own Camp: the rest are Prisoners.

Hof. My little Rival there, and bloody too?
 I see he's more a Man than I expected,
 Know you that Boy? *[Aside.*

Sol. I found him, Sir, amidst the thickest danger,
 Fighting on our side, fiercely, till spent with loss
 Of blood, a rough old *Saline*, had seiz'd
 And would have kill the fainting Youth, when I
 Slept in and saved him.

Hof. It was well done, and I'll reward you for it:
 All favours due to such an early Courage. —
 Thou art a Gallant Boy, and I repent
 I chid thee lately, prithee reveal thy Name,
 That we may know, to whom we give our praises.

Tarp. It is not worth your knowledge, brave *Hofilius*,
 My Name's dishonourable, worse than none,
 Unless I get a Name that's worth the speaking
 I beg to die unknown.

Sol. See Sir, the Royal Prisoners come to meet you,
Enter Romulus, Herfilla, Son Tarpeia.
Rom. Do we see our *Hofilius* once again?

I cannot say, in which I am most happy,
To see my friend restored, or Liberty. —
O, my *Herfilia*, now we cannot die;
This world is too inviting: All our joys
Return, and we shall now be Gods in Rome.

Host. The happiness is mine, blessed am I,
That I am pointed out to serve my King,
My best of Friends, and (whom I blush to name,)
The sweet *Herfilia*: It is a glorious office!
The very boys have so much sense of Honour;
And think it Heaven to die in such a cause.
This youth endeavour'd it as well as I. [*Pointing to Tarp.*]

Sp. Tarp. Ha! my Daughter in disguise! O thou shame
Of Roman Maids. Take this reward of Treason —
[*Draws and runs at her, Hostilius steps between.*]

Host. Hold! What means the Mad-man? Would you reward
With death, him, who still bleeds from all these wounds
Received so lately in his Countries quarrel?

Sp. Tarp. Persist not in an Errour, good *Hostilius*,
This is no Boy, but my accursed Daughter,
With-hold me not, I have a Parents Right,
And claim to take her life at my own freedom.

Rom. That Argument I never will allow of,
'Twas used against *Herfilia*.

Host. I am amazed! can any woman have,
A Soul so Masculine?

Sp. Tarp. Say rather, so degenerate, and full of horror,
Since this is that false Devil that betray'd
The Fort, her King, and Father, to the *Sabiners*.

Rom. This is all Riddle, how could she betray
Her Prince, who has expos'd her life to save him.
I must examine this more strictly,

{ *Romulus goes over, and discourses with Tarpeia, and her*
{ *Father, while Hostilius and Herfilia come forward.*

Herf. *Hostilius* you have merited from me so highly
In freeing my dear Lord, from instant death,
That I should be confounded much, to make
A due acknowledgment of such a service:
Did I not know of a reward will please you.

Host. I'me stupif'd. I know not what to answer.
I dare not look: I dare not trust, my eyes
With the dear object. —

[*Aside.*
Herf.]

Herf. Do you not mind me Sir, Why do you look
Another way? — Yours merits are too modest.

Host. In vain I guard my eyes: In vain I keep
That Post secure: My ear, my ear betrays me. — *How Aside.*
Too much reward, it is; already, Madam, [To *Herfilia*:
For me to hear such words from fair *Herfilia*,
What man can merit such kind words, and live?
If I had dyed in such a cause, as this,
Perhaps the sweet *Herfilia* might have then
Applauded me with better Justice.

Herf. No more of this. —
As soon as we return back to the Palace
Be you in the Court Garden:
I'll meet you there, in the close Mistle-walk,
And then confer the dear reward I mention'd.

Host. I dare not understand her meaning. —
Now, now, *Hostilius*, summon all thy virtue,
Call all thy Honour to thy help, for all
Is much too little.

Rom. So brave an act, after so base a Treason,
I never knew the same hand guilty of.

Sp. Tarp. I cannot yet receive her for my Daughter,
The stain of Treason is indelible,
Nor has she purg'd her Crime by her late service:
Since she was bound to that, tho she had ne're
Offended. — She ought to die.

Rom. *Spurius Tarpeius*, no: You give your Prince
Dishonourable Counsel. Shou'd I forget
Her wounds still bleeding? Ingratitude's in me
Almost as great a blemish, as her Treason.

Tarp. If you intend me any favour Sir?
If I have merited in my last action?
Do as my Father urges, Take my life:
Since I mist that of *Curius*, mines a Burden,
A shame, a Torment to me. Had I but
Recover'd my lost Honour: Had not my
Revenge, my Glory, my intended service
Been all defeated by *Hostilius* coming,
I then cou'd have endured to live,
Or any fate, life had not been uneasy. —
If you'll not give me death as a reward?
If I appear to ask too great a Boon?

Confer it as a Punishment for Treason.
 If neither way I can have what I beg :
 Sullen, and out of favour with my fortune,
 Ple try to give my self what you deny me.

Herf. Will you, *Tarpeia*, stand to my decision ?

Tarp. With all my Soul : I'm sure the sweet *Herfilia*
 Will give me what I ask, a speedy death ;
 Since by my act, she and her *Romulus*
 Were both so very near it.

Herf. Then, with my dear Lords leave, this is my Sentence.
Tarpeia, you shall live : And yet to please you,
 I will inflict a Civil death, you shall,
 During your life, be a devoted Recluse,
 A Vestal, ever serving at the Altar,
 And Sacrifice for us whom you have wrong'd.

Rom. Now to Mount *Palatine* : Come my Captive Queen,
 And change a Prison, for a Court, Joys tast
 More sweet, when relisht by afflictions past.

[*Ex. Omnes. Preter Tarpeia.*

Tarpeia alone, two of the Guards at a distance.

Tarp. A Nun ! O no : The thought is worse than death.

Can I, I who have felt so many fires
 In my own breast, whose heart has burnt so long
 In Love and fury, that I am now all ashes ?

Can I —

Tamely submit to guard the Vestal Flames ?

Pardon me Goddeſs ; Pardon me *Herfilia* ;

I have not Soul enough to live at ease. —

O Earth, Earth, Earth ! Take me to your Embraces. [*Lies down.*

Why shou'd I use the air ? My Soul's all fled,
 Spent and evaporate in fruitless Passion.

There's nothing left to poor *Tarpeia* now

But a base fordid Lump of worthless mould.

Colour, that fleeting Summer shade, and all

That little Beauty I once had, has left me :

Like a false dream, 'tis vanisht in a moment.

Yet I have still a name remains : Ah, less

Then nothing ! unless it cou'd survive with Glory.

To cleanse thy spotted name, die then, *Tarpeia* ;

Nothing but death can give a life to fame.

[*Seeing the Guards.*

(*Rising*) Ha ! my Sorrows are betray'd : — Unmanner'd Villain,

Do you stay here as Spies upon my action?

[Draws.

Guard. We wait here, Madam, by the Kings Command:

Our duty is to see you safely lodged

In *Vesta's* Temple. —

Tarp. Forbear: And know your distance, base *Plebeians*;

I have not leisure yet to be Religious. —

O! I am much oppress'd: Too much black blood

[Aside.

Lies heavy at my heart, and drowns my Spirits.

But I will give it vent. — Stay, I have here,

Full on my breast, a *Sabine* wound imperfect.

What *Curtius* Soldiers have begun, I'll finish:

Through the same Orifice I'll send my steel

Into that wound which *Curtius* gave my heart.

O loved and hated Name! Since he refused

The Joys of Love, thus I'll remove the pains.

[Falls on her Sword.

1. *Guard.* O she has kill'd her self! the mad *Virago*

Has out done all her former actions, here.

Call for more help. —

2. *Guard.* Help, there within; *Tarpeia* bleeds to death!

Enter Tarpeius, Attendants.

Sp. Tarp. What means this suddain out-cry? Ha!

Is still *Tarpeia* here? My shame still here? Not yet a *Vestal*?

1. *Guard.* O Sir, behold your Daughter lies expiring:

Wild with her discontents, from her own Sword

She took that death which you so much desired,

And *Romulus* denied.

Sp. Tarp. She bleeds: Kind Heavens! from her own hand she bleeds.

O truly *Roman*! Let me embrace my Daughter:

I am not now ashamed to be her Father.

[Kneels by her.

Tarp. Forgive me Sir, the scandal I have given

Both to my Parents, and my dearer Country.

I am unworthy to be called a *Roman*.

A *Roman* is no Traytor! A *Roman's* brave,

Just, true, and of a mind above Corruption.

But I have been so false I cannot speak it.

The Soul of my good name's long since expired,

And why should I survive?

Sp. Tarp. True, true, my lovely Daughter! O thou art now

In this last ebb of life, more fair than ever.

Others may think thy former beauty fading,

and dying-pale as a cropt Lilly;

To me the Roses of thy Cheeks still flourish,
 Fresh as the blooming Spring, sweet as the East:
 These closing eyes are real Jewels now;
 Poetick fury cannot make 'em brighter.

Tar. O tell me, Sir, truly, as you are noble.
 Do not dissemble: Have I redeem'd my Crime,
 And with my blood cleans'd the foul stains of Treason?

Sp. Tar. Believe me then, —
 Thou art all white again, my dear *Tarpeia*;
 This glorious Act restores thy innocence,
 And from this hour, thou art new born to me
 A spotless *Roman Virgin*.

Tar. It is enough! Have I all this for dying?
 O Glory cheaply bought! Come Death, come quickly;
 Come thou, more lov'd than *Curtius*; haste to meet me.
 The grim Man hears me. See! he comes; I feel him.
 Farewel: I go in haste; with greater Joy,
 Than love sick Virgins lose their name to *Hymen*.
 Farewel for ever.

Sp. Tar. Farewel my shame, and glory! — [*Dyes.*
 [*Rising.*
 Nature wou'd shew it self; it whispers me,
 She was my Daughter; True, but she died bravely.
 I ought not then to shed one tear, but triumph.
 Take up the Body, Souldiers, as one of us;
 For tho she were a Virgin, she was martial.
 Such Obsequies as are to *Hero's* given,
 Shall be my Daughters: A Maid of manly courage:
 A Soul oppos'd to destiny: Her shame
 Was Love and Life, Revenge and Death her fame. [*Exeunt Omn.*

SCENE II. The Pallace.

Portia, Cloe.

Por. **T**His welcome news must sure restore her.

Clo. I doubt it not at all: Her late sleep too contributes.

Por. Where not you present, *Cloe*, when *Cornelia*
 Made the Relation to her?

Clo. Yes.

Port. How did she receive it?

Clo. As one of us would a surprizing Story,
 When half a sleep: She started, blusht, then askt
 A thousand little questions, to no purpose,

Then blush't again, and turn'd away her eyes,
As conscious and ashamed of her late weakness.

Port. These symptoms shew returning sense, tho' slowly,
And by degrees, as harmless Virgins wake
From pleasing dreams:—

Enter Felician, Cornelia.

Feli. O *Portia*! O my *Cloe*, witness all
What here *Cornelia* tells me. She says *Hostilius*;
She says my Sister, too? And not the only,
But *Hostilius* are coming hither.—

Port. It is most true.

Feli. Go you wou'd all deceive me: You tell me Heaven
Will come to me, and all the upper world.
Stoop to a silly Girl. Fie on you all!
How can I think it? Go, you are all deceivers.

Cot. Look, Madam, trust your eyes. —

Enter Herfilia.

Herfi. *Felician*! O my long-mist Dear! [Embracing.

Feli. O my Sister!

Herfi. My haste to see my sweet *Felician*,
Transported me, and wou'd not let me rest,
Till thus I settle in her dear embrace.—

Why are you silent, sweetest! sure some vast joy
Stifles her words.— What does this mean, *Cornelia*?

Cor. O Madam, since you went, all her fair senses
Have been as absent, as your self, and her
Muchloved *Hostilius*.

Clo. No wonder then the way being thus disturb'd,
If her returning Wits appear to wander.

Herfi. I'll guide e'm right, for I have joys in store,
Great, as her past affections. Come with me [to Fel.
Sweet innocence! Fortune's not always angry
She now is pleas'd again, and bids you too
Smilelike herself, the happy hour's arriv'd:
The happy hour, that gives your Sister means
To pay what she has stood so long engag'd for.
I'll make *Hostilius* yours: For I can give him.

Fel. I dare not trust you.

Her. You must: You shall this once, and never after.
Hast, my *Felician*: Let us flie,
On the soft wings of Love, to meet *Hostilius*.

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE

SCENE III. A Garden.

Enter Hostilius.

THis is the place, and this the time appointed.
 As soon as I arriv'd back at the Pallace, —
 These were her words. — I'll then and there said she.
 Confer the dear reward I mention. —
 What can that be? but what, it shou'd not be.
 She knows, she knowes, I value no reward,
 But only what, she shou'd not give, her Love.
O Romulus! my friend! how can I think,
 That name, and yet wait here for his dishonour. —
 Yet I am innocent, — I'll back again.
 She is not here: Than why shou'd I expect,
 And do so foul an action, in cold blood?
 No, I will back again: ——— I cannot go.
 Methinks I shou'd attend a Ladies motion,
 Much more a Queens, a Goddess, such as *Hersilia*.
 Deceitful Love! O thou false impostor!
 O my my lost friendship! Lost! I will not lose it.
 But one turn more, and I will, will go. [*Exit*]

Enter Hersilia, and speaks entering.

Hers. Stand you all out of sight; there at that turning,
 And when I call appear. — I see him yonder,
 Pensive he walks, as if he fear'd to meet
 What he expects. I know he thinks my Love,
 The promised Recompence, for his past service,
 I'll soon transfer his thoughts to the right object.
 He sees me.

Enter Hostilius.

Hers. Does not *Hostilius* wonder to what end
 I meet him thus, and in a place so far
 Removed from sight and interruption?

Host. Not at all, Madam: *Hersilia* cannot have
 A thought unworthy of her self, and Honour:
 (*Aside*) What a soft charming look has she put on?
 Oh I am ruin'd! ———

Hers. I told you Sir, I knew,
 Of a reward that I am sure will please you;
 'Tis Love, and such a Love you must not slight.

Host. Ay : It is so : My fears, and my desires
Are join'd to make me wretched : I am lost :
Lost past recovery.

What Man can stand against such sweet temptation ?

[*Aside.*

Herf. 'Tis from no Common beauty ; but one adorn'd
With all the advantages of Birth and Fortune,
Young, witty, noble, innocent, and fair,
As the first smiles of Summer Mornings are :
Chearful as April Suns, fresh as the Spring. —

Host. It must be she her self, the Character
Sutes with no other Woman. —

[*Aside.*

Enter Romulus, (unseen.)

Rom. Ha ! my *Herfelia*, and *Hoftilius* here
Alone too —

[*Stands aside.*

Herf. Such is the Lady that has loved you long,
Hoftilius : She has loved you to excess,
But hitherto unknown ; her flame has lasted
Silent and to her self, as Lamps in Tombs. —
I am amaz'd to see you thus unmoved.

Can you hear this Intelligence, from me too,
And give it no more welcome ?

Rom. What do I hear ? What, do I see ? I will
Not trust my senses, they are all deceitful
No, in despite of my own eye and ear,
I'll observe on : Down, down, rebellious thought. —
'Tis false, *Herfelia* cannot wrong me.

Host. These are too quick advances : And less than
Decent, Methinks, she's not so fair as lately.
A Cloud is drawing o'er her eye, I see it.
Now love, where art thou ? the Coward Boy's retiring.
Honour I am all thine. —

[*Aside.*

Madam, I must confess, it is a vast
Reward you offer for a little service.
So vast, and so surprizing is the offer,
I scarce have sense enough left to refuse it.
Had your words been less clear, I shou'd not then
Have dared to know their meaning ; But now
They are so plain, I must not understand 'em.

Herf. I am o'rejoy'd to find him answer thus.
I see he thinks it is my Love I offer ;
And by my conduct I have cur'd his phrenzy,
Extinguist all the Rebel flame for me,

[*Aside.*

And

Sabine War.

55

[Aside.]

And made him capable of a new passion.

—And can you then refuse the Love I bring you?

Can you, *Hostilius*, when *Herfilia* says

Love and be happy, slight the precious news?

How have I been deceiv'd? 'Twas falsely said,

Hostilius honour'd, loved, adored *Herfilia*,

Since she commends a Ladies Passion to him?

And yet *Hostilius* stands as unconcern'd.

Rom. I'll hear no more: My patience is abused.

False, False *Herfilia*.

[*Rom. comes forward.*]

Herf. My Lord, I have been making Love here. —

Rom. And can you own it too? But you're already

Too much dissembled. O that I had died

By *Tatius* juster sentence; not lived to see

His Daughter, thus much worse than kill me.

Herf. Nay, than 'tistime to disabuse you both —

*Felician*a: Sister! Where are you?

*Enter Felician*a and *Attendants*.

Look, *Hostilius* —

This is the Lady, for whose sake I woo you.

Has not my Character, short of her Beauty,

Wrong'd her, by an imperfect commendation?

Take her, brave Man, and here bestow that love,

Which err'd to me; nor was your Error lost,

When you imagin'd I could wrong my Lord

But in a thought: 'Twas all designed for this.

Rom. How base do I appear! Poor, and unworthy;

And how divine *Herfilia*: yet I am pleased.

Take from my Character ye Gods: Take, take,

Yet more, and add it all to hers; for she

Alone merits to be; nay is perfection.

Let after Ages copy from *Herfilia*,

When they wou'd learn what's good, or chaste, or noble.

But let the name of *Romulus* be odious,

Since he could wrong her love by base suspicion.

Can you forgive? — O I want assurance

To ask. So much injustice you ought not,

You must not pardon. Such a Crime as mine

Exceeds, if it were possible, your Goodness. —

Herf. O hold, or I shall doubt with better cause

Your love, than you did mine. Can *Romulus*

Be kind to me, and yet forbid my kindness?

You

You speak of pardon, where you ne're offended.
 My dearest Lord, I'm pleas'd at your suspicion.
 If (as th'appearance was) you had not been moved,
 Sure you had loved me less.

Rom. O wondrous goodness! Miracle of women.
 Can you still love me?

Hers. My life, I can, I doe!

[Embracing.]

Host. But, Madam, what must I return, for this dear blessing?
 I'm so confounded with the mighty favour,
 I know not where first to bestow my thanks;
 To my sweet Mistress, here, who thought me worthy,
 Or to your self, who form'd my erring heart,
 For such a Heaven,

Hers. Pay 'em to her: Only her love deserves them.
 See, Sir, her blushes keep her speechless; but
 That very silence tells you, she merits more
 Than you can pay her.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. To, Armes, to Armes: O! quick, or Rome is lost.
 The *Sabines* enter at Port *Janualis*
 Led on by *Tatius*: *Curtius* too half desperate,
 Since his late loss, fights now with double Courage.
 The Guards give ground apace, and they are neer
 Possess of all that Quarter.

Rom. A truce with Love *Hostilius*, we are call'd
 To bolder actions.

Host. — Were all their Army present
 I have no power to stir, till thus I pay,
 At this soft shrine of Love and innocence
 My first Devotions.

[Kisses Felician's hand.]

From this dear touch, I take new life, new Love,
 And thus inspir'd to certain conquest move. [Ex. Rom. Host.]

Feli. He's gone: while he was here I had no power
 To speak, to move, or any thing but blush.
 My overflowing joy met every thought,
 And choak'd my words e're they could reach my tongue.
 My fears, my fears, now give me Elocution.
 O I shall lose your Present Sister. In vain,
 You gave me the brave Man: The cruel *Sabines*
 Will rob me of *Hostilius*.

Hers. Why shou'd you fear
 Success? have not I made a greater venture,

Sabine War!

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My Soul, my *Romulus*, my *Alfi* hazard
In this engagement. — But if I hazard all
Why stand I here? Can I be safe, when he,
My better self's in danger? *Cloe*, run,
Gather the *Sabine* Women in a body:
Bid 'em all meet with speed at *Juno's* Temple. —

Feli. What means my Sister? — [Exit *Cloe*.]

Her. I feel unusual joy shoot through my heart:
Something within me whispers, that as I
First caused this war, so it is I must end it;
Swell noble thought, That I may something do
Worthy a *Roman* Wife, and *Sabine* Daughter.

Enter *Portia*.

Port. Be happy Madam: Heaven declares for *Rome*.
The Gods fight for us. When your *Romulus*
Found his men flying, and that no persuasions,
Nor threats, nor his example could prevail,
To stay the Coward Fugitives, to all
His friends above, the pious *Roman* calls,
And vows a Temple in the place to *Jove*.
Behold a Miracle! they, who but now
Fled as so many Hares, turn on the sudden. —

Hers. I'm seised with joy and wonder.

Port. But this is, Madam, wonderful indeed.
While the prevailing *Sabines* bore all before 'em,
Pursuing fiercely along by *Janus* Temple,
A stream of Sulphur flow'd more fiercely on 'em,
From the offended God: Drowning and burning them,
But giving us more time and means to rally.

Hers. Shall the two ever jarring Elements
Of Fire and Water, lay by their enmity,
Uniting both their powers for *Rome*, while I,
The Wife of *Romulus*, stand unconcern'd?
No, I will lose my Nature too; cast off
The fears of Woman, and with a Troop
Of my own Sex, confront the thickest danger.
But stay you here, my sweet *Felician*,
Thy years are much unfit for such a hazard.

Fel. Unkind *Hersilia*! Why shou'd you under-rate
My love, and think it less than yours?
Young as I am, I dare as much as you.
For love and my *Hostilins*, I am all fire: —

And

And yet I durst not go, were not he there ;
But to meet him, tho in a Grave, I dare. [*Exeunt omnes.*

*SCENE Ult. The Scene draws, and discovers the Romans
and Sabines ready to engage. Drums and Trumpets.*

Romulus, Hostilius, Tattius and Curtius come forward.

Tat. Forbear a while. — Since, *Romulus*, we meet
So opportunely, let us two, who have
The cheif concern in this unhappy War,
Decide the quarrel singly. Why shou'd we
Profusely cast away a thousand lives
Harmless and unconcern'd ? when we may better
Stake all th' event of war on our own heads.

Rom. The offer's just and noble : I accept it.

Tat. Give your command then, to your *Roman* party,
As I to mine (who I'm sure will obey me)
That they remain spectators only, and
Both sides yeild to him that conquers.

Host. Sure *Tattius*, never heard *Hostilius* named.
Am I soe great a stranger, to your ear?
Or has report, ne're mentioned the strict friendship.
With which the God like *Romulus* has graced me.
'Tis time you know it now, if yet you have not.
I cannot see my King engaged,
And I unactive. —

Cur. — Nor I my General.

Once more, *Hostilius*, fortune presents my sword
To oppose yours ; sure now we may decide
What late we left imperfect.

Host. With as much joy, as absent Lovers meet.

Tarp. Is there not yet one *Sabine* more that dare
Contest with me the Justice of this War ?
Must I be so unhappy to stand idle,
A poor Spectator of brave deeds, and want
One noble Enemy among so many ?

[*Two or three Sabines are coming forward to answer.*

Tat. Retire and keep your places. — You see *Tarpejus*
Here are enow, that strive for the like honour ;
But since your King agrees to fight me single,
We have no more engaged than the already :
Hostilius has indeed put in no common claim,

Or else he too had been refused.

Rom. Be not displeased, thou brave and worthy Roman.
Tis fit I leave one friend alive, to tell [Embracing Tarp.
Posterity, how much I die *Herfilia's*:
How much my heart abhorr'd to live,
Unless in her: How my last fillable was her's,
And how my Soul flew in a trembling sigh
Up with her name to Heaven. [Tarp. retires

Tat. We lose too many minutes; Roman advance,
And meet me as a Foe implacable.
Respect me not, as Father to *Herfilia*,
Rather than so, I cancel all Relation,
Quit my Alliance, and disown my blood. [They all pass.

Enter *Herfilia*, *Felician*, and other Women,

who all run in between 'em.

Herf. Do, — kill us first, and then your selves. Add this
To the great List of all your Glorious Acts,
That you have Murdred all these unarm'd Women:
Where am I now arriv'd? Is that my Father?
He is or shou'd be: This I'm sure's my Husband. —

Feli. And this to me more dear, than thousand Husbands.
Flebe Hostilius shield, weak as I am,
He that wounds him must do it through my breast.

Herf. Sir,

[To *Tatius kneeling*:

Tat. Woman away.

Herf. Have I no nearer Name?

Tat. *Herfilia*, —

Herf. Still that has too much distance: methinks
I hear my Mothers Soul, from her blest seat
Of rest, call out and say, I am your Daughter.

Tat. You were; till disobedient Love blotted that name,
And render'd all my blood degenerate,

Herf. — My Lord, — [To *Romulus*.

Rom. My better life! Retire *Herfilia*. [Raising her.

O do not thus expose to the blind Sword,
A life inestimable: To see you bleed
Wou'd kill my very Soul. Shou'd I lose you
I lose a thousand lives, a thousand worlds.

Herf. Perish a thousand Worlds, before I see
My Father kill my Husband; He my Father.
You both divide my Duty: I live in both,
And die in either: why shou'd you then endeavor?

To murder me twice over in your selves.
 I had rather once in my own person die
 Than twice in yours : Begin, begin with me :
 Take my life he that pleases ; take it freely.
 But spare each other. —

Tat. These, *Romulus*, are your security :
 I'll draw my Party off ; some other time
 We'll find an hour more masculine and noble,
 When we may act like men, not talk to women.

Herf. O stay ; for to part thus has something in't
 Worse than my present fears. O hear me *Sabines* !
 Hear me you noble *Romans* ! If for my sake
 This war was first begun, why for my sake
 May it not now be ended ? Am I *Herfilia* ?
 Have I a Father and a Husband here,
 And yet want interest to mediate with you ?
 Sure Nature cannot be so far defective ;
 I know my Father cannot be obdurate ;
 I know it by my self ; if he were cruel
 I could not be compassionate and kind :
 No, he was never cruel ; 'twas but dissimulation.
 When lately he condemn'd my Lord and I.

Tat. Thus far 'tis true, tho' I condemn'd you justly,
 I never meant the threatned Execution.
Curtius knows it, —

But what is that to this ? We now meet equal,
 And I to vindicate my Right, and Honour.

Herfilia, give us way ; when Kings dispute,
 Swords are their Arguments, Force their persuasion.

Herf. No, make your way to him through me. — Yet hold,
 Your Sword is needless, I feel a sharper weapon ;
 The thought of your unkindness kills me surer. [Faints]

Rom. O stay fair Soul ! If but one minute longer,
 Stay but to take me with you — No, she's gone !
 Look back *Herfilia*, I shall soon o'retake you.

[Offers to fall on his Sword. *Hostilius*
 holds him. *Herfilia* recovers.]

Herf. What pleasing voice unkindly calls me back
 From the eternal rest of injur'd Lovers ?
 Sure 'tis my Lord ; it must, it must be he ;
 No Tongue but his can draw Souls from Heaven. [Embracing *Rom.*

Tat. I am o'recome. He that can see such Love

And yet not melt, is not a Man but Devil.
I yield, I yield, O Divine power of Love,
That can subdue a fury such as mine!

[He Embraces Romulus and Herfilia.

Be happy in each other, best of Lovers,
My Daughter, and my Son! I'm doubly blest;
Since now in knowing you, I know my blessing. —
Sheath all your Swords: give the Command abroad,
That like me, each embrace his Enemy.

[Curtius and Hostilius Embrace, &c.

Herf. O happy change,

Rom. Blest be Herfilia, ever!

Since to her Piety we owe this change.
Never was War so ended!

Host. Yet one more blessing, Sir, and we are all happy. [To Tat.

[Approaching with Feliciania.

Our hearts are both united: We only want
Your favour to compleat a Glorious Hymen.

Tat. This is my second comfort. Take her Hostilius,
For you deserve her. Thou second Romulus!
Live, Love, and be as happy as the first.

Cur. Tarpeius you alone know my dishonour. [Aside to Tarp.

My false, base, Treason, and the Love that caused it:

My mind is now reform'd: I am no more,

Rival to Romulus, but his admirer.

When I behold his flame my own expires,

As brighter Suns put out the lesser fires.

As you are Noble, then conceal my shame,

For I repent it much. — — —

And I am now prepar'd by future kindness

To pay off all that mighty Debt of Love,

Which I have too long ow'd to your much injured Daughter.

Sp. Tarp. Your Debts discharged, Sabinus, and hers already paid
To Nature: Tarpeia is no more.

Cur. Tarpeia dead? Forbid it Heaven!

Sp. Tarp. Unable to endure the sense of such dishonour
As her unhappy Love contracted, by her own hand
She wash'd the spots of Fame in her own blood.

Cur. Ah Noble Maid! too brave, and too unhappy!
Heroes and Demy-Gods shall Celebrate Tarpeia.
Queens when they'd Name a Maid of mighty Courage,
And vindicate their Sex above the Male,

Will say *Tarpeia* : But most the hapless Lover,
When he complains of Cross and Cruel Stars,
Shall weeping mention her sad fate and call it his.

Sp. Tarp. *Curtius* no more : Let us forget our sorrows.
We injure much our Countries publick Joy :
No Passion now shou'd Raigh, but Love and Triumph.

Tat. *Romans* and *Sabines* are no longer two,
But the same Nation, now : Where such a Love
Has shew'd the way to *Rome*, we must all follow.

Rom. Renown'd for ever be this day and place:
Here for all Ages, let the *Roman* Tribes,
Fix their *Comitium* , for more solemn meetings.
Here every year let all the blooming Youth,
And tender Virgins, of our now own people,
In Songs and Revels Celebrate this day:
And as a Monument of the late wonder,
Let *Janus* Temple, ever open stand
When *Rome* has War, the God for us will fally.
Happy the Nuptials, when two Kingdoms Wed :
Empire and Crowns spring from that Marriage Bed.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE Writ By Mrs. A. Behn.

Spoken by *Tarpeia*.

F Air Ladies, pitty an unhappy Maid,
By Fortune, and by faithless Love betray'd.
Innocent once. — I scarce knew how to sin,
Till that unlucky Devil entring in,
Did all my Honour, all my Faith undo :
Love ! like Ambition, makes us Rebels too:
And of all Treasons, mine was most accurst ;
Rebelling 'gainst a King and Father first.
A Sin, which Heav'n nor Man can e're forgive ;
Nor could I Act it with the face to live.
My Dagger did my Honours cause redress ;
But oh ! my blushing Ghost must needs confess,
Had my young Charming Lover faithful been,
I fear I'd dy'd with unrepented Sin.
There's nothing can my Reputation save
With all the True, the Loyal and the Brave ;
Not my Remorse, or Death, can expiate
With them a Treason 'gainst the KING and State.
Some Love-sick Maid perhaps, now I am gone,
(Raging with Love, and by that Love undone ;)
May form some little Argument for me,
T' excuse m' Ingratitude and Treachery.
Some of the Sparks too, that infect the Pit,
(Whose Honesty is equal to their Wit,
And think Rebellion but a petty Crime,
Can turn to all sides Int'rest does incline,)
May cry ' I gad I think the Wench is wise ;
' Had it prov'd Lucky, twas, the way to rise.

' She

The Epilogue.

'She had a *Roman Spirit*, that disdains
'*Dull Loyalty*, and the yoke of *Sovereigns*.
'A *Pox of Fathers*, and *Reproach* to come ;
'She was the first and *Noblest Whig* of *Rome*.

*But may that Ghost in quiet never rest,
Who thinks it self with Traytors Praises blest.*

FINIS.
